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FARM BALLADS.

By WILL M. CARLETON.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan, it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way:
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'rable pay:
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, Sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, Sir, but I take no stock in such!
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur:
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarreled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we have quarreled here.

—*From the Toledo Blade.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *gives the first American contribution to the* "MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS," *in the form of a very interesting sketch of*

WASHINGTON IRVING,

from personal recollections by MR. GEORGE P. PUTNAM. *It is replete with pleasant anecdote and talk respecting* IRVING *and the people with whom he was associated. Among the other attractions of this* SUPERB SUPPLEMENT *there is a fine engraving from a picture by* D. R. KNIGHT, "OTHELLO AT THE HOUSE OF BRABANTIO;" *a sketch drawn by* GILBERT BRULING, "PICKING WILD STRAWBERRIES ON AN OLD BATTLE-FIELD NEAR RICHMOND," *with an exquisite descriptive poem; another installment of the* "TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD;" *together with the usual rich variety of entertaining reading matter.*

☞ CHARLES READE'S *new Story,* "A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION," *is one of the most thrilling and powerful productions of this eminent master of fiction. It was commenced in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for March* 1, *and is continued in the present Number.*

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

THE cordial reception of the Treaty of Washington by the country is in itself a ratification. If the American sense of injury during and after the war was profound, yet the prompt acquiescence of England in the suggestion of a Commission, the character of the British Commissioners, and the spirit which the result shows to have animated them, are not only honorable, but they are themselves a treaty of good-will. Earl De Gray, who was at the head of the British Commission, one of the stanchest of Englishmen, is yet a most intelligent friend of the United States. He is a representative of that spirit in both countries which recognizes that international friendship is a surer defense than armies and navies. And upon our own side the Commissioners named by the President were men who commanded the confidence of all interests and feelings, except those of malignant jealousy of England or of sullen hostility to our own Union. The work of the Commission was our best-kept state secret, Poor Jenkins was baffled at every point. The public only smiled at his solemn guesses, knowing that the whole truth would be authoritatively told at once, as it was.

The chief interest in the treaty to the national feeling of this country is the proposed settlement of the *Alabama* claims. And upon this subject one point which was pressed by us with warmth during the war has been virtually relinquished by common consent, and by the declarations of the Government. Recognition of belligerency may be an indication of sympathy suggesting collusion, or, at least, negligence in the observation of neutral duties, but it is so essentially an act of sovereignty that in itself it can not justify demand for explanations. This is now generally conceded. But in this country we have steadily contended that the negligence which was made probable by the circumstances of the British recognition did appear in the case of the *Alabama*. We had, therefore, really two grievances, one moral and the other material: one was a matter of feeling, the other of material injury. We wanted, therefore, two kinds of damages, and we have received them. When the treaty was made at the close of the Revolution Dr. FRANKLIN suggested that there should be an expression of regret from Great Britain for certain events. He said that there was wonderful balm in such an expression. It was an illustration of his sagacity. For the only moral damages possible are an honorable expression of regret.

FRANKLIN did not prevail then, but his spirit has happily animated the present Commission. The British Government frankly expresses its regret for the occurrences of which the United States complain. Then the treaty lays down certain rules of neutral duty in addition to those now existing, and the British Government, although not admitting that they were operative at the time of the *Alabama* escape, agrees that they shall be retroactive, and govern the decisions under the treaty. And lastly, a tribunal of arbitration of five members—one appointed by Great Britain, one by the United States, and three, each by a sovereign state mutually agreed upon—is to adjust the claims of injury arising from the escape and career of the Confederate privateers. The tribunal may award damages either in detail or in gross, or it may refer this duty to a board of assessors, sitting in the United States, who shall report from time to time, and payment to be made accordingly.

Counter British claims, arising during the war, are to be referred to an ordinary mixed commission, sitting in Washington, with an umpire, if necessary, named by a friendly power. No claim for slave property can be presented, and the recent action of the British Government in France excludes all claims for damage from the necessary operations of war. The cotton seizures were generally subsequent to the time named in the treaty, and therefore such claims take the usual course. These are the questions arising from the war, and the settlement provided is mutually honorable. The differences upon the fisheries are adjusted in a manner not less favorable to the United States. Our fishermen are to have the freedom of the Canadian coasts, with those of the islands, and the British fishermen similar rights upon our coast north of the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude, excluding upon both sides the taking of shell-fish, salmon, and shad, with the river fisheries and those at the mouths of rivers; and fish, with some exceptions, are to be admitted into each country free. This is so favorable to the United States that a commission, with an umpire, as before, is to determine whether there is an excess of privilege for which the United States ought to pay, and if so, how much. The questions of navigation and transit are settled by freeing the St. Lawrence and other rivers, with the equal use of the Welland and other canals, and of Lake Michigan, and the St. Clair flats and canals. Finally, the question of the north-western boundary line is to be settled by the Emperor of Germany.

This is the substance of the Treaty of Washington, and a treaty more significant was never made. It is a pact of cordial peace between England and America. The two countries appear not as jealous rivals, but as friends. Neither concedes any thing which ought not to be yielded; neither demands of the other what ought not to be honorably granted. Such a treaty, indeed, is one of the best results of the war. By disposing in so simple and hearty a manner of the subjects of difference between the countries, it tends to remove the latent hostility of feeling which is undeniable, and to make sincere amity possible. The government of Mr. GLADSTONE and the administration of General GRANT are equally to be congratulated upon this fortunate consummation. It shows them both to be animated by that generous spirit of conciliation which is the truest international glory.

SOLDIERS AND PRESIDENTS.

IT is amusing to observe that every conspicuous man who is supposed to be popular, and who says or does something opposed to the Republican policy, is instantly exalted as a Democratic candidate for the Presidency. A man who yesterday was not thought of in that view, to-day criticises some action or word of the dominant party, and for that reason, without the slightest regard to his character or antecedents, is vociferously saluted as the coming man. The first impression is one of profound contempt for those who shout, and the second one of shame that it should be considered possible to select a chief magistrate for such a reason.

The present President of the United States is a soldier whose incomparable services in the field were enhanced by his simplicity, integrity, and modesty. Elected to the Presidency totally inexperienced in the conduct of political affairs, and at a time of the most bitter agitation, the consequence of civil war, he has shown no disposition whatever to forget his duty as a loyal citizen and civil magistrate; and the American people to-day trust the honorable, patriotic fidelity of General GRANT as much as they trusted that of General WASHINGTON or of Mr. LINCOLN. No more than they has he shown any impatience of the peaceful processes of law, nor in his cabinet has he thought fit to surround himself with military friends and associates. Indeed, General GRANT is another illustration of the fact that in a republic like this signal military success and consequent political elevation do not destroy the loyalty of an honest citizen to the sacred conditions of free popular government.

Yet he has been denounced as a possible usurper—as a chief designing to retain power by force. The Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1868 bade the country beware of seating an emperor in the White House, and insinuated that General GRANT might use the army to subvert the government. Unfortunately for the force of his warning, this Democratic candidate was the very gentleman who had obtained his nomination upon the ground of a letter in which he declared that certain constitutional amendments and laws ought to be annulled by the army! His denunciations and warnings were, therefore, exquisitely ludicrous. And recently a Democratic paper rejoices in the probable ratification of the English treaty, because if the breach is not healed now there may be war; and if there is war this ferocious butcher, GRANT, will command the army, and, if he commands the army, a long good-by to American liberty! the fact being that because he commanded the army the world bade a last good-night to American slavery.

And now a very different person, a soldier whose brilliant service and imperious willfulness are equally known—General SHERMAN—has apparently made a speech—certainly might have made a speech—in which he says that it was generally conceded by the soldiers of both armies, at the close of the war, that if all questions had been referred to the armies they would have been peaceably settled. That is his sincere faith. General SHERMAN is an ardent soldier. He is impatient of all civil methods. He thinks that his agreement with General JOE JOHNSTON ought to have been the basis of reconstruction. Congress is a very distasteful body to him. Law is a delay. His genius, his temperament, his methods, his traditions, are exclusively military. And this is the gentleman who, having expressed dissatisfaction with the Ku-Klux bill, is now strenuously urged as an admirable President by those who have rancorously denounced General GRANT as a dangerous President because of his military habits and feelings.

The fact is interesting, as illustrative of the condition of those who in their general jealousy of Republican ascendency strike at it wildly and blindly. It is very plain that if General GRANT is to be set aside by a Democrat, it must be upon some other policy than any which the Democrats have yet announced; and if by a Republican, only by some one who can more closely unite the party. But of all the charges made against the President none is more absurd than that he inclines unduly to military methods. The lackeys of slavery during the war, and since the war, find a great deal of comfort in calling him a dogged military butcher, as they do in describing the late traders in human flesh and blood as Christian soldiers and gentlemen. But they beat the air. Whatever the people of the United States may think of General GRANT, they do not fear him as a possible dictator.

THE LESSON OF THE KU-KLUX.

THOSE who persistently deny the truth of the Ku-Klux stories, or ridicule them as mere tales of rawhead and bloody-bones, should remember that, whatever the explanation may be, the testimony is conclusive. And the presumption in favor of the general truth of the reports is decided. Just before the rebellion Mr. F. L. OLMSTED, a remarkably sagacious traveler, made a journey through the Slave States, carefully observing and noting every thing that he saw. He did not write as an Abolitionist, nor as a partisan of any kind; and he did for the Slave States what ARTHUR YOUNG did for France just before the great revolution of '89—he gave a faithful and detailed picture of their condition. It represented a kind of medieval state of society. There was great wealth in a few hands; luxury of a certain kind; enormous estates; and upon the other side immense ignorance, squalor, and barbarism. Mrs. STOWE'S story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," like SMOLLETT'S novels in England in the last century, also depicted the aspects of society in that region with a vividness for which the historian will be grateful.

The probable truth of the Ku-Klux reports rests upon two considerations. The great proprietors, who had poisoned the minds of their dependents with every kind of false theory and passionate appeal, at last dragged them into a war, in which they were utterly defeated, amidst the desolation of the country, the paralysis of industry, and the uprooting of all local social, political, and industrial traditions and organizations. The end of active hostilities was followed by the incursion of all kinds of useful and useless persons into the disordered region. The situation was perplexed by political uncertainties at Washington. False hopes rose for a moment in minds brooding upon revenge, and their extinction did not extinguish bitterness and jealousy. This ill feeling was fostered and sustained by the hope of ultimate advantage from political alliances in other parts of the Union. And when the military presence of the successful government was withdrawn, nothing under the circumstances was so probable as constant ebullitions of anger and lawlessness. Had there been no emancipation and no equal suffrage, the condition of a population, ignorant, impoverished, and baffled in the frantic effort to reverse the course of civilization, would have been one of agitation and insecurity.

But to all this there was added in the Southern States a peculiar presumption that there would be such disturbance as we see. The war had freed the slaves, to confirm whose bondage the Southern chiefs had provoked it; and those slaves had become, from the necessity of the case, the political equals of the master class, and in many places they were the majority. To understand the probable feeling of an ignorant population, whose color alone was the sign of absolute social and political superiority, when they suddenly found those whom they had despised as pariahs their equals, and often their official superiors, it is only necessary to read Mr. OLMSTED'S book. Just as this population, when it thought it was to have all the power after the war, endeavored by black codes to retain all that was possible of slavery, so, when it finds that the power has passed from its hands, vents its rage in outrages, which it hopes may inspire so deep and general a terror that the power may be recovered even under the new conditions.

Therefore, both for this general and this particular reason, a disordered and almost barbarous situation was to be expected in many parts of the Southern States. And that impatience and indignation have been often justified in those States we do not doubt. That the new voters were, as a rule, ignorant, and that the new governments have often been as extravagant and corrupt as the old governments often are in other States, is not to be denied. We offer no excuse for political knavery any where. But we are speaking of public order; and we repeat that those who deny the disorder in many parts of the Southern States, or affect to laugh it away, are sneering at all experience. In his interview with the delegates from the Tax-payers' Convention in South Carolina, Governor SCOTT said that the embarrassment of the State was mainly due to the disturbed condition of the public mind, and to the sense of insecurity to life and property. So Governor ALCORN, of Mississippi, asked from the Legislature a mounted patrol to assist in keeping the peace. Certainly experience and common-sense teach that the surest method of permanently restoring order in that region is not to encourage every element of disorder, but to show that the general policy of equality, against which all the disturbance is a protest, is the fixed and final policy of the American people.

LATEST FROM SAN DOMINGO.

IT has been constantly said by those who were best informed upon the subject that the suspension of the question of annexation of San Domingo would probably prove fatal to BAEZ, and such seems to be the prospect. The recent news from the island is that CABRAL and LUPERON are reorganizing their forces and meditating an attack upon BAEZ, and that BAEZ had executed OBJIO, the secretary of LUPERON. The present situation in San Domingo is, therefore, this: The hostility of Hayti to the government of BAEZ is imbittered and intensified by the prospect of annexation. It will improve to the utmost the present suspense of negotiations to overthrow BAEZ, who is the representative of the annexation policy. That Hayti is really the base of CABRAL'S and LUPERON'S operations admits of little doubt. The prisoners recently taken from their forces spoke only the Haytian patois, and were armed with Haytian weapons. CABRAL himself is a native of San Domingo; a man of fair character, but, like the rest of the conspicuous leaders in his country, as in Hayti, a revolutionist by trade. LUPERON is a negro bandit who has been criminally convicted, and he has worked with a ball and chain at his ankle in the streets of Puerto Plata.

There is no evidence that these chiefs could take the field effectively without Haytian aid. They confine themselves to the northwestern part of the San Domingo republic, the debatable land between the two countries; and the report of the late San Domingo Commission shows conclusively that the controlling sentiment of the republic is favorable to annexation, and consequently to BAEZ. But the people are not of a kind to maintain their opinions by force against the incursions of LUPERON; and at Puerto Plata there is a mercantile sentiment hostile to BAEZ, and which, passively at least, favors the revolutionary movement. BAEZ probably counted also upon the prompt payment of the money under the treaty for the occupation of the Bay of Samana. That has failed him, and he is embarrassed. The execution of OBJIO is, unfortunately, one of the events which must be expected in that revolutionary country. These leaders play for each other's heads. And if the situation be as we have supposed, and BAEZ feels his power oozing away, it certainly is not surprising that he should shoot, when he could, one of the chief adherents of his enemy, and a leader of the insurrection against him. The same mail which brings this news informs us of the similar but bloodier event in Hayti. The telegraph sententiously says, "The ringleaders in the February revolt were condemned and executed."

This is the unhappy method in that country. From time to time detachments of political prisoners are taken from the prisons in Port-au-Prince and shot. It is a reminiscence of the old French Revolution and of the spirit of DESSALINES. In the republic of San Domingo there is, probably, less ferocity, but the normal state of the country is political disturbance and revolution. Indeed, it is the intolerable weariness of this condition, the consciousness that it is unavoidable while Hayti hovers hostile upon the frontier in numbers three to one, and constantly fomenting intestine trouble in the neighboring republic, which is the explanation of the strong desire for annexation in San Domingo. Unfortunately for the inhabitants, it is not a situation which makes annexation desirable for us.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

THE chief interest of the May anniversaries is undoubtedly in those of the various societies of reform. A few years since it was the annual meeting of the Antislavery Society which was the most conspicuous, and apparently not the least efficient. The meetings were a constant and overwhelming appeal to the moral sentiment; and although the strict Abolitionists who rejected the Constitution as tainted with slavery did not vote, they furnished conclusive reasons for the voting of others. One lesson may be drawn from the history of those old anniversaries for the readers of to-day who were then too young to be interested, and it is this: that the utmost ridicule and falsification in the newspaper reports of those meetings were as effective in resistance to the movement as a dried leaf

in damming Niagara. And a similar improvement may be made for the older brethren who used to sneer and swear at the fanatics and tom-fools, as they were called, of those old meetings, and it is this: that movements which now seem to them as crude and impracticable as the anti-slavery reform may have the same reason and vitality, and may be tending to as great a result.

The "Reform League" anniversary meeting was devoted to a discursive debate upon the state of the nation. Mr. PHILLIPS reviewed the situation as one in which the growing contest between labor and capital is the most significant fact, and asserted that the Ku-Klux terror is naked war, and requires to be dealt with as General BUTLER dealt with MUMFORD. Mr. PHILLIPS thinks that a little hanging of the conspicuous leaders would be a wholesome severity. A few summary executions would show the Ku-Klux assassins that the people of the country are in earnest in requiring peace. Is it, however, the lesson of history that discontent and disorder are best repressed by drum-head court-martials? It may be war in the Southern States, but neither President GRANT nor General BUTLER, if he were President, as Mr. PHILLIPS perhaps wishes he might be, could do acts of war without authority of Congress. Does Mr. PHILLIPS really wish that the President of the United States would or could summarily hang murderers at his pleasure? Or is it the fact that under an absolute dictatorship only bad men are punished, and that liberty flourishes?

Mr. PHILLIPS in another speech eloquently vindicated agitation as the saving power in modern society, declaring it to be instinctive in the Saxon heart. But if the chief magistrate were to take "lives of the topmost line" at his discretion, he would make short work of agitators. This was precisely the object of the legislation proposed by Mr. DOUGLAS at the time of the JOHN BROWN raid. But those who were the heads and hearts of what Mr. DOUGLAS'S bill defined as conspiracy were, at that time, not the Ku-Klux assassins—they were the anti-slavery orators. Good citizens might consent to the dictatorship of General GRANT, but how about a joint dictatorship of Mr. TWEED and the Mobile *Register?*

The anniversary of the American Woman Suffrage Association was interesting not only in itself, but because of the definitive declaration that the question of the extension of political power to women has nothing whatever in common with what is called free love or any other project. The assertion which is sometimes made that the political power of women would destroy the marriage relation is as wise as that made fifty years ago, that the higher education of women would inevitably produce domestic unhappiness. The Association unwisely, as it seems to us, approved the attempt to obtain the suffrage for women under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution. We object to it upon the same ground that we should object to the attempt to cover the voting of minors by the same amendments, and that is, that it was clearly not the intention of the amendment to confer any such power. It is never desirable to attempt a great and radical political change by a merely ingenious construction of law. Such changes, to be really valuable, must be intrenched in general conviction. It is a hard truth for all who wish reforms, but it is none the less a truth, that there is no short-cut to great social and political results. Artificial heat may bake green fruit, but it will not ripen it.

Mr. GERRIT SMITH used to hold that the Constitution was really an antislavery instrument; and if the general sentiment had agreed with him, it would practically have become so. But, as it was, it would have been difficult for him to refuse to return a fugitive upon the ground that under the Constitution he was a free man. So with the amendments in question, if the general opposition to the voting of women had disappeared, they might vote under a construction of those amendments, or of any other. But if that were the situation, there would be no difficulty in obtaining the Sixteenth Amendment. Meanwhile, that there is no pretense that the present amendments meant to convey the power claimed is reason enough for seeking that power only by moulding public opinion to favor the Sixteenth Amendment. The interest in the question must not be measured by the greater or less throng at the anniversary meetings. That is a point usually decided by the expectation of entertainment from the speakers. It is a cause which, from its nature, moves silently and privately, but very surely.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

By JOHN JONES, A.M.

"AND here," I was saying when I was interrupted—and here I will remark that an English writer, recently speaking of Goethe as a critic, says—with what seems a biting sarcasm upon those of us who write in the papers—that he was not a professional but only an amateur critic, "in whom a certain degree of modesty is perhaps not altogether unbecoming." He then proceeds: "May we not also concede to criticisms of this inferior kind a merit, perhaps, incompatible with the superior quality of those which are so abundantly supplied to us by the day and week? Not, of course, the surpassing merit of perceiving and understanding things at a glance, but yet a praiseworthy patience and genial good-will employed in the reverent endeavor to perceive and understand things rightly." These last words seem to me a very fair description of the true spirit of criticism: a candor of mind which understands that every new work may be a revelation of new power and meaning. There is nothing so difficult as criticism, and nothing more common than praise and blame according to fancy. I confess, for my part, that I find nothing harder to determine than the fidelity of a picture to nature.

Thus I have looked at Mr. GIFFORD'S "Fisher-Boats of the Adriatic," and Mr. HART'S "Sunset Hour," and they are both very careful and pleasing works. But while I stand before them and enjoy them I find myself wondering whether they do not lack the essential simplicity and unconsciousness of nature. I mean that Mr. GIFFORD'S really brilliant and beautiful picture, for instance, seems somehow painted to satisfy a certain idea or theory of Venetian waters rather than to represent the facts, without regard to the imagination, of Venice. The fact, as I remember it, is a little homelier than the painter gives it. In the imagination, indeed, which is a romancer, the fisher-boats are as gorgeous as Mr. GIFFORD'S, but I am afraid that the passengers by the last steamer who are going to the Adriatic will not see what the artist has painted. Very likely this is only a refinement, a hypercriticism, which rises naturally out of the dreamy mood in which the picture steeps the mind. And perhaps it is the highest praise that the pictures of Mr. GIFFORD always suggest WORDSWORTH'S line,

"The light that never was on land or sea."

In Mr. KENSETT'S "Beverly Coast" there is all the modesty of nature. It is a quiet, unobtrusive picture: a hot, calm day of summer, with the peculiar character of the New England atmosphere and shore. His "Windsor Castle" is to me the most interesting landscape in the gallery. The charm, of course, is partly historical, and it fascinates you with the suggestion of BURKE'S magnificent metaphor likening the British monarchy to this noble pile. It seems as if BURKE must have been impressed while walking in these very meadows with the stateliness and grandeur which he reproduces in his gorgeous phrase. What a triumph of the imagination that the British system, at its meanest moment, should have suggested itself so loftily to BURKE as his allusions and descriptions constantly show! I have not forgotten Mr. HART'S "Sunset," but I hardly know how it impresses me. It is very pleasant to stand before it, and make it out point after point, and drop into a kind of pensive meditation. But the canvas is too large for the subject. There may be diffuseness in pictures, I suppose, as in other poems.

Mr. EASTMAN JOHNSON'S "Stage-Coach" is delightful. It is full of daylight and jollity, and the only wonder is that we don't hear the shouts of the boys. It is a Saturday saturnalia, and I should like to know how bank directors feel when they look at it. Surely nothing suggests more strongly the richness and protean genius of nature than the reflection that in a score of years or so these boys will be staid and respectable citizens. If we could look ahead a little, who would be sure that the rather surly-faced fellow who is a vicious horse in the picture will not be arraigned before the judgment seat of the blooming boy who is opening the coach-door and hurrying up the belated travelers? Perhaps by that time the bench will be swept clean enough in every part for an honest boy to sit upon. And how would these youngsters, who are evidently so efficient with this coach, answer as railroad managers? I suppose the difficulty would be suggested by this very scene: they can't make the thing go! But it is not easy to believe it. It is simply preposterous that with these champing and impatient steeds, the steady and shrewd hold of the driver, and the enjoyment of rapid motion, which is every where visible, the coach really does not move. No matter: boys, if your coach does not go, neither does this happy Saturday! Your life shall be one long holiday. Let the old coach stick, for you shall never grow old. Lucky fellows! You are like the population of the city which KEATS saw upon the Grecian urn, and you too shall be seen, when our eyes of to-day see no longer, "Forever piping songs, forever new."

There are a great many pictures in the Exhibition which I look at sadly, for they seem to be no better than mine; and I never study my own carefully without feeling that nature did not mean me for a painter. I wonder if she meant those men for painters, and if not, as I strongly suspect, why they have never found it out. Perhaps, indeed, they have, but too late. Possibly they know, with every body else, when they stand as spectators before their own pictures, that they are very bad, and will never be better. But a man can not take up and lay down a pursuit at pleasure: he must live. And what if every lawyer, or printer, or clergyman, or carpenter should relinquish his business after he had prepared himself for it, merely because he was not fit for it! What a ferment society would be in! Why should we expect the artistic round pegs to get out of the square holes, when all the literary and mechanical and professional stay in and make the best of it? This poor fellow, for instance, who painted Number ——, knows undoubtedly how bad it is, and why should any body deepen his mortification by laughing at it in the papers? Nothing which is bad enough to ridicule is worth criticising or mentioning.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE are much gratified in being able to announce that preparations are now being made, under the direction of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, for a very complete and thorough investigation of the deep-sea bottom, and especially of the channel of the Gulf Stream, off the eastern coast of America, with an examination also of the Straits of Magellan and of a part of the Pacific Ocean. A steamer is now being built, which will shortly be launched, with the special object of continuing the deep-sea dredgings which, under the direction of Count POURTALÈS, have given the survey so much reputation.

It is expected that the arrangements will be completed by the end of August, and that the whole matter will be especially in charge of Professor AGASSIZ, assisted by Count POURTALÈS, whose experience eminently qualifies him for the post.

The plan of operations is, first, to run a line of dredging across the Gulf Stream between New York and Bermuda, and, if necessary, far enough eastward to completely cross the Gulf Stream current. The course will be thence to Trinidad, where a careful examination will be entered into to ascertain whether there is any difference in the deep-sea fauna of the adjacent waters and that of the coast of Florida. The expedition will then probably proceed to San Paulo for the purpose of examining the deepest known portion of the Atlantic, reaching to at least five thousand fathoms. From San Paulo it will again cut across the Brazilian current, and after possibly spending some time on the coast between Buenos Ayres and the Straits of Magellan, will proceed by a zigzag course to the Falkland Islands, in the neighborhood of which the expedition will remain for some time for the purpose of solving certain important problems relating to both the deep-sea fauna and to that of the coast. It is next proposed to spend at least a month in the Straits of Magellan during the summer season of that portion of the globe. The work at the Straits being completed, the party expect to pass up along the western coast of Chili, next to the island of Juan Fernandez, and thence across to Callao. From this point the course will be to the Galapagos, and thence across the Chilian current to some point on the west coast of Mexico—possibly to Mazatlan. The Revillagigedo Islands will next be visited, whence the party will proceed to San Francisco.

The entire exploration will probably occupy ten months, and bids fair to be the most important attempt ever made at determining the character of the fauna of the deep seas. The experience gained in all the former American and foreign expeditions of this kind will be freely used on this occasion; and no pains will be spared in the way of outfit to render the whole undertaking an entire success.

The fact that this expedition is under the direction of the Coast Survey is sufficient guarantee that nothing will be neglected to secure satisfactory results in the way of investigations upon the physics of the ocean, as well as its natural history, as it is intended to make use of the most approved apparatus for the determination of depths, temperatures, specific gravity, and chemical composition of the waters, etc.

A scientific society has been formed at Middletown, Connecticut, and Dr. JOHN JOHNSON, of the university, elected president, Professor RICE, corresponding secretary, and Professor JOHN M. VAN VLECK, treasurer.

According to the Virginia papers, the fisheries of the lower Rappahannock are considered a failure during the present year, the largest single haul of the season amounting to only ninety-six shad.

The experiment of stocking the Delaware with salmon, by means of eggs brought from Mr. WILMOT'S fish-farm on Lake Ontario, promises to be a success. We learn that the greater number of the eggs have hatched out, and that they will probably be fit to transport from Mr. CHRISTIE'S hatching-beds at Clove, New York, to the Delaware River by about the last of May or first of June, at which time it is expected that the umbilical sac will be absorbed.

Attention is called by the Panama papers to the extraordinary meteorological conditions that have lately prevailed throughout Central and South America, especially in the falling of large quantities of rain where previously such an occurrence was almost unknown. This unusual amount of precipitation is understood to have first occurred on the Isthmus of Panama, and to have resulted in disastrous floods at Aspinwall and elsewhere, of which an account has already been given. The climatic change seems to have traveled southwardly from that region, and to have involved successively a large portion of the chain of the Andes in its operations. The latest advices from Peru show that in localities hitherto perfectly rainless torrents have fallen to such an extent as to produce very great disasters. These have occurred at Payta, San José, Lambayeque, etc. The villages on the western slope of the Andes in Chili and Peru are not prepared for such an occurrence (of which many of the inhabitants had never had any practical experience), the sites and material of the buildings being alike unsuited to resist storms. The town of Lambayeque, with seven or eight thousand inhabitants, is reported to have been entirely destroyed by the rain. The most southerly point reached by the rain at last dates seems to be the valley of Canete, which was inundated, to the great damage of the sugar and other plantations. Much land has been totally ruined by the washing out of its soil, leaving behind a mere collection of gravel and stones. Vessels passing along the western coast at a distance of a hundred miles and more experienced heavy rains where previously nothing but fog had been met with. The electric phenomenon visible around Mount Tacora, to which we referred in another article, seems to have been a part of this same system of atmospheric disturbance, and connected with it was a widely extended derangement of the telegraph lines in Chili, an event of extreme rarity.

An examination has recently been made by an officer of the United States army of an old pueblo situated about twenty-five miles from the town of Socorro, on the Rio Grande. The walls of the buildings of this pueblo are composed of thin sandstone, heaped one layer upon another without mortar, and without any traces of beams or timber of any kind. The edifices seem to have been but one story high, and to have consisted of four separate buildings, arranged so as to form a hollow square, with a fifth a little outside of these. The longest range was over two hundred feet in length, and the whole five contained about two hundred rooms. Near the pueblo extensive silver mines have recently been discovered, and a town is to be laid out during the present year, the material for the houses to be derived from the ruins. There are evidences of ancient workings of these mines in the form of shafts now entirely filled up with earth, although it is probable that these do not antedate the period of the occupation of the country by the Spaniards.

We have already referred to the supposed discovery of a practicable route for a canal across the Isthmus of Darien; and we now learn, through a meagre telegraphic dispatch, that the exploring parties on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec have been equally successful. Further particulars, however, are necessary to enable us to judge how far this latter statement has any real foundation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON Monday, May 8, the Joint High Commissioners signed a treaty for the settlement of the questions at issue between the United States and Great Britain, and afterward exchanged congratulations on the result of their labors, expressing the belief that they had done the most they possibly could for the peace and honor of the two countries.

The United States Senate met Wednesday, May 10, in conformity with the President's proclamation convoking an extraordinary session. A message was received from the President transmitting the treaty agreed to by the Joint High Commissioners. After a brief executive session the Senate adjourned to Friday. On reassembling attention was called to the premature publication of the treaty, and there was a spirited debate on that subject. An investigation was ordered to be made by a committee consisting of Messrs. Carpenter, Conkling, Trumbull, Davis (of Kentucky), and Sumner. Mr. Cameron stated that the Committee on Foreign Relations would not be ready to report the treaty until Monday, May 15. The Senate then adjourned to that day.

The troubles at the Pennsylvania coal mines are assuming a more threatening aspect. The Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company have engaged and armed one hundred non-union miners to commence work in one of the mines, and this action has roused the indignation of the strikers to such a degree that further riot and bloodshed are apprehended. The miners and laborers of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company have refused the conditions of arbitration proposed by the president of the company, and adhere to their original terms.

A very lively Indian war is in progress in Arizona. On the 30th of April a number of citizens of that Territory, aided by a hundred Papajo Indians, surprised a camp of Apaches, who are supposed to have committed recent outrages and murders, killed eighty-five and took twenty-eight children prisoners. On the 5th of May a detachment of twenty of the Third Cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant H. B. Cushing, was defeated by one hundred and fifty Apaches at the Whitestone Mountains. Lieutenant Cushing and one man were killed, and the troops retreated. Pursuit was subsequently made by eighty cavalrymen. In consequence of these occurrences General Stoneman has issued a general field order, directing the Apaches to remove at once to the White Mountain Reservation, set apart for them, or be pursued and punished wherever found.

The President has nominated Mr. John M. Francis, of Troy, New York, to be United States minister to Greece, in place of Mr. Tuckerman, who has resigned.

The Connecticut Legislature has declared Marshal Jewell, and the other Republican candidates for State offices, elected. The evidence of Democratic frauds on the ballot is said to have been conclusive.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A TREATY of peace between France and Germany was signed at Frankfort on the 11th of May, and was to be immediately submitted to the governments of the two nations for ratification. It abrogates the commercial treaty between the two countries, and gives Germany the control of the railways in the ceded territory in consideration of a reduction of the war indemnity of 326,000,000 francs. The Paris forts are to be evacuated by the Germans immediately. Nancy, Belfort, and Longwy will be held by the Germans until the conditions are fulfilled.

Fort Vanvres was evacuated by the Communist garrison May 13, and on the following day was occupied by the troops of Versailles. Fifty guns and a few prisoners were captured. Most of the garrison made their escape to Fort Montrouge through a subterranean passage. In other operations the Versailles troops were also successful, and at last accounts were preparing for a general assault upon the fortifications of Paris at several points where breaches had been effected by the bombardment.

Inside Paris the condition of affairs becomes more deplorable. The residences of Favre and Thiers have been destroyed, and the furniture of the palaces of the Tuileries and Elysée has been sold. The *Sociale* newspaper proposes the execution of all members of the Central Committee who retire from office. An unsuccessful attempt has been made to assassinate General Dombrowski. The clerks of the Bank of France have been armed, and the building strongly barricaded and provisioned, to withstand a threatened attack by the Communists. The Commune has suppressed several more newspapers, and prohibited religious instruction in the schools.

Sir John Herschel, the celebrated English astronomer, died May 12, at the age of seventy-nine.

Auber, the great musical composer, died May 14, in Paris, at the age of eighty-nine.

A terrible pestilence, the vomito, is raging in Buenos Ayres. At latest accounts the daily average of deaths was two hundred and fifty. Five thousand had died in five weeks, and six thousand had fled from the city. The vomito was also ravaging Valparaiso.

A formidable insurrection is in progress in Panama. The insurgents threaten the city of Panama, and commissioners have been sent out to treat with them.

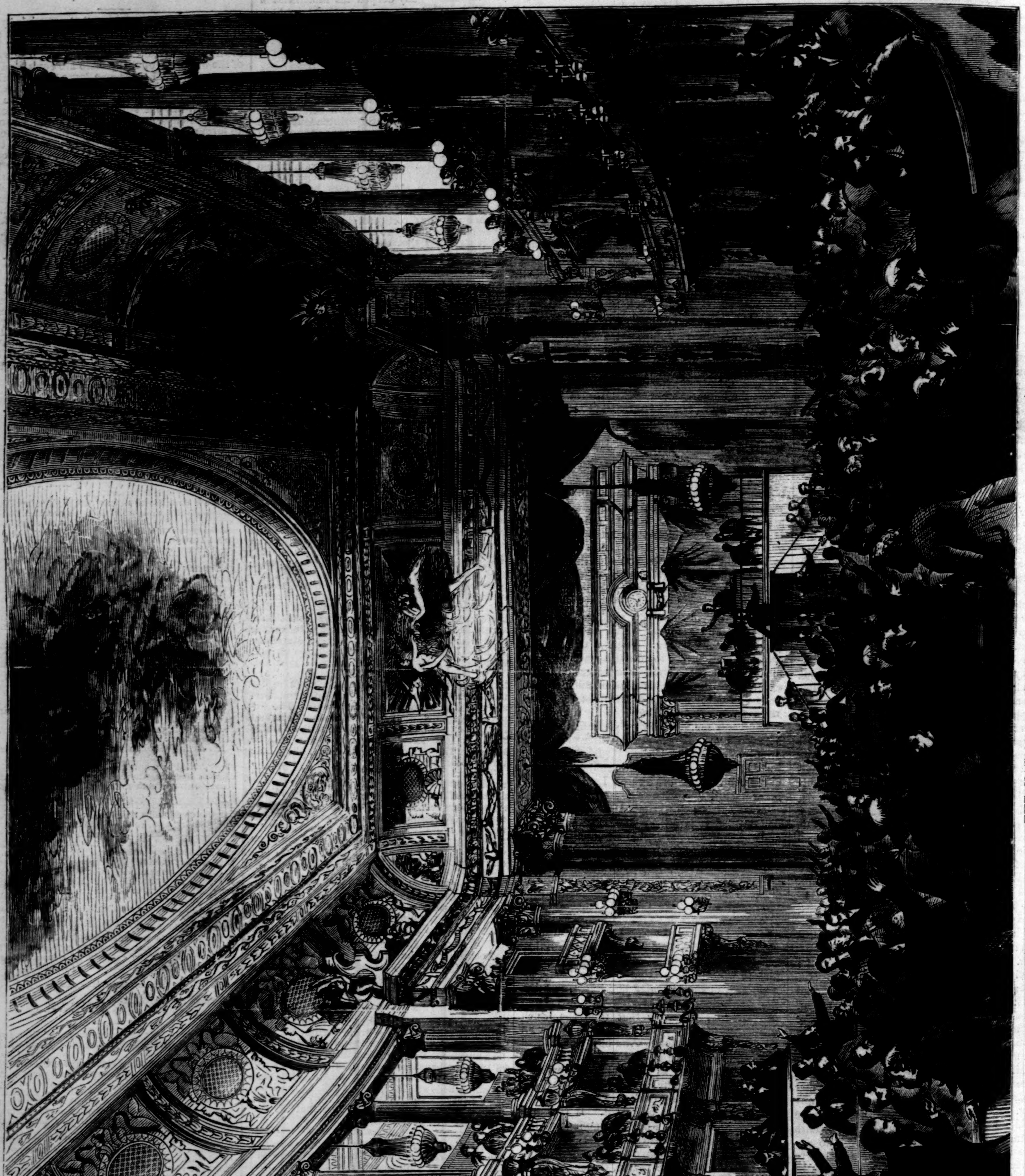
THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT VERSAILLES.

The removal of the Assembly from Bordeaux to Versailles was decided on immediately on the ratification of the treaty of peace, and on the 20th of March the first sitting was held there. As there was no hall in Versailles large enough to contain all the deputies and the staff of the Assembly, it was decided to fit up the well-known Salle d'Opéra of the palace for their deliberations. We give on this page a sketch of the hall during a sitting of the Assembly.

It is now just one hundred and one years since the theatre in the palace at Versailles was inaugurated in honor of the marriage between the grandson of Louis XV. and Marie Antoinette. Louis XIV. had, curiously enough, not considered such a structure necessary to his favorite palace, but Madame De Pompadour thought otherwise, and at her instigation Louis XV. commissioned the well-known architect, Gabriel, to build the present Salle d'Opéra. It was accordingly commenced in 1753, but was not completed until long after the death of the royal favorite for whom it was built.

The inside of the House is magnificently decorated, and abounds with gilding and mirrors. The balustrade of the first balcony is ornamented with gilded bass-reliefs of mythological subjects, while above the second gallery is a semicircle of mirrors, which is supported by fourteen Ionic columns, and reflects the light of the chandelier in a most brilliant and almost dazzling manner. Although befitting a gala representation, this profuse ornamentation was hardly in character with the grave deliberations of the National Assembly, and M. Jolly, the architect charged with transforming the theatre into a temporary Palais Bourbon, accordingly had them covered up with sober-colored panels. Otherwise the House has been but little altered; the *parterre* has, of course, been boarded up on a level with the stage, and forms covered with simple red cloth have been placed there for the deputies. The stage is shut off from the House by a large screen of planks tastefully draped with cloth, while under the handsomely carved gilded proscenium stands the veritable old *fauteil du Président* of the Corps Législatif, which, together with the debating rostrum, was transported from Paris. Thirty rooms in the palace have been set aside for the various *bureaux* of the Assembly, twelve of which, situated in the famous picture-gallery used so lately as a Prussian hospital, and where alone no less than three hundred wounded were domiciled, are exclusively used for committee-rooms. Since the Prussian occupation the palace has undergone a thorough cleansing; but it has been impossible to get rid of the deathly odor which pervades the building.

One more item: The printing establishment of the Assembly is comfortably installed in the palace kitchen. There the gigantic spits have been replaced by printing-rollers, and the white-aproned cooks by paper-capped compositors, while, instead of the delicate déjeuners or sumptuous dinners of yore, innumerable decrees, proclamations, and official reports of the deliberations of the Assembly above are now prepared and sent forth.



THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT VERSAILLES.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

For the first few days Richard Bassett expected some annoyance from Mary Wells; but none came, and he began to flatter himself she was too fond of him to give him pain.

This impression was shaken about ten days after the little scene I have described. He received a short note from her, as follows:

"Sir,—*You must meet me to-night, at the same place, eight o'clock. If you do not come, it will be the worse for you.* M. W."

Richard Bassett's inclination was to treat this summons with contempt; but he thought it would be wiser to go and see whether the girl had any hostile intentions. Accordingly he went to the tryst. He waited for some time, and at last he heard a quick, firm foot, and Mary Wells appeared. She was hooded with her scarlet shawl, that contrasted admirably with her coal-black hair; and out of this scarlet frame her dark eyes glittered. She stood before him in silence.

He said nothing.

She was silent too for some time. But she spoke first.

"Well, Sir, you promised one, and you have married another. Now what are you going to do for me?"

"What *can* I do, Mary? I'm not the first that wanted to marry for love, but money came in his way and tempted him."

"No, you are not the first. But that's neither here nor there, Sir. That chalk-faced girl has bought you away from me with her money, and now I mean to have my share on't."

"Oh, if that is all," said Richard, "we can soon settle it. I was afraid you were going to talk about a broken heart, and all that stuff. You are a good, sensible girl; and too beautiful to want a husband long. I'll give you fifty pounds to forgive me."

"Fifty pounds!" said Mary Wells, contemptuously. "What! when you promised me I should be your wife to-day, and lady of Huntercombe Hall by-and-by? Fifty pounds! No; not five fifties."

"Well, I'll give you seventy-five; and if that won't do, you must go to law, and see what you can get."

"What, han't you had your bellyful of law? Mind, it is an unked thing to forswear yourself, and that is what you done at the 'sizes. I have seen what you did swear about your letter to my sister; Sir Charles have got it all wrote down in his study; and you swore a lie to the judge, as you swore a lie to me here under heaven, you villain!" She raised her voice very loud. "Don't you gainsay me, or I'll soon have you by the heels in jail for your lies. You'll do as I bids you, and very lucky to be let off so cheap. You was to be my master, but you chose her instead: well, then, you shall be my servant. You shall come here every Saturday at eight o'clock, and bring me a sovereign, which I never could keep a lump o' money, and I have had one or two from Rhoda; so I'll take it a sovereign a week till I get a husband of my own sort, and then you'll have to come down handsome once for all."

Bassett knitted his brows and thought hard. His natural impulse was to defy her; but it struck him that a great many things might happen in a few months; so at last he said, humbly, "I consent. I have been to blame. Only I'd rather pay you this money in some other way."

"My way, or none."

"Very well, then, I will bring it you as you say."

"Mind you do, then," said Mary Wells, and turned haughtily on her heel.

Bassett never ventured to absent himself at the hour; and, at first, the black-mail was delivered and received with scarcely a word; but by-and-by old habits so far revived that some little conversation took place.

Then, after a while, Bassett used to tell her he was unhappy, and she used to reply she was glad of it.

Then he began to speak slightingly of his wife, and say what a fool he had been to marry a poor, silly nonentity, when he might have wedded a beauty.

Mary Wells, being intensely vain, listened with complacency to this, although she replied coldly and harshly.

By-and-by her natural volubility overpowered her, and she talked to Bassett about herself and Huntercombe House, but always with a secret reserve.

Later—such is the force of habit—each used to look forward with satisfaction to the Saturday meeting, although each distrusted and feared the other at bottom.

Later still that came to pass which Mary Wells had planned from the first with deep malice, and that shrewd insight into human nature which many a low woman has—the cooler she was the warmer did Richard Bassett grow, till at last, contrasting his pale, meek little wife with this glowing Hebe, he conceived an unholy liking for the latter. She met it sometimes with coldness and reproaches, sometimes with affected alarm, sometimes with a half-yielding manner, and so tormented him to her heart's content, and undermined his affection for his wife. Thus she revenged herself on them both to her heart's content.

But malice so perverse is apt to recoil on itself; and women, in particular, should not undertake a long and subtle revenge of this sort; since the strongest have their hours of weakness, and are surprised into things they never intended. The subsequent history of Mary Wells will exemplify this. Meantime, however, meek little Mrs. Bassett was no match for the beauty and low cunning of her rival.

Yet a time came when she defended herself unconsciously. She did something that made her husband most solicitous for her welfare and happiness. He began to watch her health with maternal care, to shield her from draughts, to take care of her diet, to indulge her in all her whims instead of snubbing her, and to pet her, till she was the happiest wife in England for a time. She deserved this at his hands, for she assisted him there where his heart was fixed; she aided his hobby; did more for it than any other creature in England could.

To return to Huntercombe Hall: the loving couple that owned it were no longer happy. The hope of offspring was now deserting them, and the disappointment was cruel. They suffered deeply, with this difference—that Lady Bassett pined and Sir Charles Bassett fretted.

The woman's grief was more pure and profound than the man's. If there had been no Richard Bassett in the world, still her bosom would have yearned and pined, and the great cry of Nature, "Give me children or I die," would have been in her heart, though it would never have risen to her lips.

Sir Charles had, of course, less of this profound instinct than his wife, but he had it too; only in him the feeling was adulterated and at the same time imbittered by one less simple and noble. An enemy sat at his gate. That enemy, whose enduring malice had at last begotten equal hostility in the childless baronet, was now married, and would probably have heirs; and, if so, that hateful brood—the spawn of an anonymous letter-writer—would surely inherit Bassett and Huntercombe, succeeding to Sir Charles Bassett, deceased without issue. This chafed the childless man, and gradually undermined a temper habitually sweet, though subject, as we have seen, to violent ebullitions where the provocation was intolerable. Sir Charles, then, smarting under his wound, spoke now and then rather unkindly to the wife he loved so devotedly; that is to say, his manner sometimes implied that he blamed her for their joint calamity.

"MY WAY, OR NONE."

Lady Bassett submitted to these stings in silence. They were rare, and speedily followed by touching regrets; and even had it not been so she would have borne them with resignation; for this motherless wife loved her husband with all a wife's devotion and a mother's unselfish patience. Let this be remembered to her credit. It is the truth, and she may need it.

Her own yearning was too deep and sad for fretfulness; yet though, unlike her husband's, it never broke out in anger, the day was gone by when she could keep it always silent. It welled out of her at times in ways that were truly womanly and touching.

When she called on a wife the lady was sure to parade her children. The boasted tact of women—a quality the narrow compass of which has escaped their undiscriminating eulogists—was sure to be swept away by maternal egotism; and then poor Lady Bassett would admire the children loudly, and kiss them, to please the cruel egotist, and hide the tears that rose to her own eyes: but she would shorten her visit.

When a child died in the village Mary Wells was sure to be sent with words of comfort and substantial marks of sympathy.

Scarcely a day passed that something or other did not happen to make the wound bleed; but I will confine myself to two occasions, on each of which her heart's agony spoke out, and so revealed how much it must have endured in silence.

Since the day when Sir Charles allowed her to sit in a little room close to his study while he received Mr. Wheeler's visit she had fitted up that room, and often sat there to be near Sir Charles; and he would sometimes call her in and tell her his justice cases. One day she was there when the constable brought in a prisoner and several witnesses. The accused was a stout, florid girl, with plump cheeks and pale gray eyes. She seemed all health, stupidity, and simplicity. She carried a child on her left arm. No dweller in cities could suspect this face of crime. As well indict a calf.

Yet the witnesses proved beyond a doubt that she had been seen with her baby in the neighborhood of a certain old well on a certain day at noon; that soon after noon she had been seen on the road without her baby, and being asked what had become of it, had said she had left it with her aunt, ten miles off; and that about an hour after that a faint cry had been heard at the bottom of the old well—it was ninety feet deep; people had assembled, and a brave farmer's boy had been lowered in the bight of a cart-rope, and had brought up a dead hen, and a live child, bleeding at the cheek, having fallen on a heap of fagots at the bottom of the well; which child was the prisoner's.

Sir Charles had the evidence written down, and then told the accused she might make a counter-statement if she chose, but it would be wiser to say nothing at all.

Thereupon the accused dropped him a little short courtesy, looked him steadily in the face with her pale gray eyes, and delivered herself as follows:

"If you please, Sir, I was a-sitting by th' old well, with baby in my arms: and I was mortal tired, I was, wi' carring of him; he be uncommon heavy for his age; and, if you please, Sir, he is uncommon resolute; and while I was so he give a leap right out of my arms, and fell down th' old well. I screams, and runs away to tell my brother's wife, as lives at top of the hill; but she was gone into North Wood for dry sticks to light her oven; and when I comes back they had got him out of the well, and I claims him directly; and the constable said we must come before you, Sir: so here we be."

This she delivered very glibly, without tremulousness, hesitation, or the shadow of a blush, and dropped another little courtesy at the end to Sir Charles.

Thereupon he said not one word to her, but committed her for trial, and gave the farmer's boy a sovereign.

The people were no sooner gone than Lady Bassett came in, with the tears streaming, and threw herself at her husband's knees. "Oh, Charles! can such things be? Does God give a child to a woman that has the heart to kill it, and refuse one to me, who would give my heart's blood to save a hair of its little head? Oh, what have we done that he singles us out to be so cruel to us?"

Then Sir Charles tried to comfort her, but could not, and the childless ones wept together.

It began to be whispered that Mrs. Bassett was in the family way. Neither Sir Charles nor Lady Bassett mentioned this rumor. It would have been like rubbing vitriol into their own wounds. But this reserve was broken through one day. It was a sunny afternoon in June, just thirteen months after Mr. Bassett's wedding—Lady Bassett was with her husband in his study, settling invitations for a ball, and writing them—when the church-bells struck up a merry peal. They both left off, and looked at each other eloquently. Lady Bassett went out, but soon returned, looking pale and wild.

"*Yes!*" said she, with forced calmness. Then, suddenly losing her self-command, she broke out, pointing through the window at Highmore, "*He* has got a fine boy—to take our place here. Kill me, Charles! Send me to heaven to pray for you, and take another wife that will love you less but be like other wives. That villain has married a fruitful vine, and" (lifting both arms to heaven, with a gesture unspeakably piteous, poetic, and touching) "I am a barren stock."

"SUPPORTED BY A CHILDLESS, DESPAIRING WOMAN."

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

Of all the fools nature produces with the help of Society, fathers of first-borns are about the most offensive.

The mothers of ditto are bores too, flinging their human dumplings at every head; but, considering the tortures they have suffered, and the anguish the little egotistical viper they have just hatched will most likely give them, and considering further that their love of their first-born is greater than their pride, and their pride unstained by vanity, one must make allowances for them.

But the male parent is not so excusable. His fussy vanity is an inferior article to the mother's silly but amiable pride. His obtrusive affection is two-thirds of it egotism, and blindish egotism, too; for if, at the very commencement of the wife's pregnancy the husband is sent to India, or hanged, the little angel, as they call it—Lord forgive them!—is nurtured from a speck to a mature infant by the other parent, and finally brought into the world by her just as effectually as if her male confederate had been tied to her apron-string all the time, instead of expatriated or hanged.

Therefore the Law—for want, I suppose, of studying Medicine—is a little inconsiderate in giving children to fathers, and taking them by force from such mothers *as can support them;* and therefore let Gallina go on clucking over her

first-born, but Gallus be quiet, or sing a little smaller.

With these preliminary remarks, let me introduce to you a character new in fiction, but terribly old in history—

THE CLUCKING COCK.

Upon the birth of a son and heir Mr. Richard Bassett was inflated almost to bursting. He became suddenly hospitable, collected all his few friends about him, and showed them all the Boy at great length, and talked Boy and little else. He went out into the world and made calls on people merely to remind them he had a son and heir.

His self-gratulation took a dozen forms; perhaps the most amusing, and the richest food for satire, was the mock-querulous style, of which he showed himself a master.

"Don't you ever marry," said he to Wheeler and others. "Look at me; do you think I am the master of my own house? Not I; I am a regular slave. First, there is a monthly nurse, who orders me out of my wife's presence, or graciously lets me in, just as she pleases; that is Queen 1. Then there's a wet-nurse, Queen 2, whom I must humor in every thing, or she will quarrel with me, and avenge herself by souring her milk. But these are mild tyrants compared with the young King himself. If he does but squall we must all skip, and find out what he ails, or what he wants. As for me, I am looked upon as a necessary evil; the women seem to admit that a father is an encumbrance without which these little angels could not exist, but that is all."

He had a christening feast, and it was pretty well attended, for he reminded all he asked that the young Christian was the heir to the Bassett estates. They feasted, and the church-bells rang merrily.

He had his pew in the church new lined with cloth, and took his wife to be churched. The nurse was in the pew too, with his son and heir. It squalled, and spoiled the Liturgy. Thereat Gallus chuckled.

He made a gravel-walk all along the ha-ha that separated his garden from Sir Charles's, and called it "The Heir's Walk." Here the nurse and child used to parade on sunny afternoons.

He got an army of workmen, and built a nursery fit for a duke's nine children. It occupied two entire stories, and rose in the form of a square tower high above the rest of his house, which, indeed, was as humble as "The Heir's Tower" was pretentious. "The Heir's Tower" had a flat lead roof easy of access, and from it you could inspect Huntercombe Hall, and see what was done on the lawn or at some of the windows.

Here, in the August afternoons, Mr. and Mrs. Bassett used to sit drinking their tea, with nurse and child; and Bassett would talk to his unconscious boy, and tell him that the great house and all that belonged to it should be his in spite of the arts that had been used to rob him of it.

Now, of course, the greater part of all this gratulation was merely amusing, and did no harm except stirring up the bile of a few old bachelors, and imbittering them worse than ever against clucking cocks, crowing hens, inflated parents, and matrimony in general.

But the overflow of it reached Huntercombe Hall, and gave cruel pain to the childless ones, over whom this inflated father was, in fact, exulting.

As for the christening, and the bells that pealed for it, and the subsequent churching, they bore these things with sore hearts, but bravely, being things of course. But when it came to their ears that Bassett and his family called his new gravel-walk "The Heir's Walk," and his ridiculous nursery "The Heir's Tower," this roused a bitter animosity, and, indeed, led to reprisals. Sir Charles built a long wall at the edge of his garden, shutting out "The Heir's Walk" and intercepting the view of his own premises from that walk.

Then Mr. Bassett made a little hill at the end of his walk, so that the heir might get one peep over the wall at his rich inheritance.

Then Sir Charles began to fell timber on a gigantic scale. He went to work with several gangs of woodmen, and all his woods, which were very extensive, rang with the axe, and the trees fell like corn. He made no secret that he was going to sell timber to the tune of several thousand pounds and settle it on his wife.

Then Richard Bassett, through Wheeler, his attorney, remonstrated in his own name, and that of his son, against this excessive fall of timber on an entailed estate.

Sir Charles chafed like a lion stung by a gadfly, but vouchsafed no reply: the answer came from Mr. Oldfield; he said Sir Charles had a right under the entail to fell every stick of timber, and turn his woods into arable ground, if he chose; and even if he had not, looking at his age and his wife's, it was extremely improbable that Richard Bassett would inherit the estates: the said Richard Bassett was not personally named in the entail, and his rights were all in supposition: if Mr. Wheeler thought he could dispute both these positions, the Court of Chancery was open to his client.

Then Wheeler advised Bassett to avoid the Court of Chancery in a matter so debatable; and Sir Charles felled all the more for the protest. The dead bodies of the trees fell across each other, and daylight peeped through the thick woods. It was like the clearing of a primeval forest.

Richard Bassett went about with a witness and counted the fallen.

The poor were allowed the lop-wood: they thronged in for miles round, and each built himself a great wood-pile for the winter; the poor blessed Sir Charles; he gave the proceeds, thirteen thousand pounds, to his wife for her separate use. He did not tie it up. He restricted her no further than this: she undertook never to draw above £100 at a time without consulting Mr. Oldfield as to the application. Sir Charles said he should add to this fund every year; his beloved wife should not be poor, even if the hated cousin should outlive him and turn her out of Huntercombe.

And so passed the summer of that year; then the autumn; and then came a singularly mild winter. There was more hunting than usual, and Richard Bassett, whom his wife's fortune enabled to cut a better figure than before, was often in the field, mounted on a great bony horse that was not so fast as some, being half-bred, but a wonderful jumper.

Even in this pastime the cousins were rivals. Sir Charles's favorite horse was a magnificent thorough-bred, who was seldom far off at the finish: over good ground Richard's cocktail had no chance with him; but sometimes, if toward the close of the run they came to stiff fallows and strong fences, the great strength of the inferior animal, and that prudent reserve of his powers which distinguishes the canny cocktail from the higher-blooded animal, would give him the advantage.

Of this there occurred, on a certain 18th of November, an example fraught with very serious consequences.

That day the hounds met on Sir Charles's estate. Sir Charles and Lady Bassett breakfasted in Pink; he had on his scarlet coat, white tie, irreproachable buckskins, and top-boots. (It seemed a pity a speck of dirt should fall on them.) Lady Bassett was in her riding-habit; and when she mounted her pony, and went to cover by his side, with her blue velvet cap and her red-brown hair, she looked more like a brilliant flower than a mere woman.

A veteran fox was soon found, and went away with unusual courage and speed, and Lady Bassett paced homeward to wait her lord's return, with an anxiety men laugh at, but women can appreciate. It was a form of quiet suffering she had constantly endured, and never complained, nor even mentioned the subject to Sir Charles but once, and then he pooh-poohed her fancies.

The hunt had a burst of about forty minutes that left Richard Bassett's cocktail in the rear; and the fox got into a large beech wood with plenty of briers, and kept dodging about it for two hours, and puzzled the scent repeatedly.

Richard Bassett elected not to go winding in and out among trees, risk his horse's legs in rabbit-holes, and tire him for nothing. He had kept for years a little note-book he called "Statistics of Foxes," and that told him an old dog-fox of uncommon strength, if dislodged from that particular wood, would slip into Bell-man's Coppice, and if driven out of that would face the music again, would take the open country for Higham Gorse, and probably be killed before he got there; but once there a regiment of scythes might cut him out, but bleeding, sneezing fox-hounds would never work him out at the tail of a long run.

So Richard Bassett kept out of the wood, and went gently on to Bell-man's Coppice and waited outside.

His book proved an oracle. After two hours' dodging and manœuvring the fox came out at the very end of Bell-man's Coppice, with nothing near him but Richard Bassett. Pug gave him the white of his eye in an ugly leer, and headed straight as a crow for Higham Gorse.

Richard Bassett blew his horn, collected the hunt, and laid the dogs on. Away they went, close together, thunder-mouthed, on the hot scent.

After a three miles' gallop they sighted the fox for a moment just going over the crest of a rising ground two furlongs off. Then the hullabaloo and excitement grew furious, and one electric fury animated dogs, men, and horses. Another mile, and the fox ran in sight scarcely a furlong off; but many of the horses were distressed: the Bassetts, however, kept up, one by his horse being fresh, the other by his animal's native courage and speed.

Then came some meadows, bounded by a thick hedge, and succeeded by a plowed field of unusual size—eighty acres.

When the fox darted into this hedge the hounds were yelling at his heels; the hunt burst through the thin fence, expecting to see them kill close to it.

But the wily fox had other resources at his command than speed. Appreciating his peril, he doubled and ran sixty yards down the ditch, and the impetuous hounds rushed forward and overran the scent. They raved about to and fro, till at last one of the gentlemen descried the fox running down a double furrow in the middle of the field. He had got into this, and so made his way more smoothly than his four-footed pursuers could. The dogs were laid on, and away they went helter-skelter.

At the end of this stiff ground a stiffish leap awaited them; an old quickset had been cut down, and all the elm-trees that grew in it, and a new quickset hedge set on a high bank with double ditches.

The huntsman had an Irish horse that laughed at this fence; he jumped on to the bank, and then jumped off it into the next field.

Richard Bassett's cocktail came up slowly, rose high, and landed his forefeet in the field, and so scrambled on.

Sir Charles went at it rather rashly; his horse, tried hard by the fallow, caught his heels against the edge of the bank, and went headlong into the other ditch, throwing Sir Charles over his head into the field. Unluckily some of the trees were lying about, and Sir Charles's head struck one of these in falling; the horse blundered out again, and galloped after the hounds, but the rider lay there motionless.

Nobody stopped at first; the pace was too good to inquire; but presently Richard Bassett, who had greeted the accident with a laugh, turned round in his saddle, and saw his cousin motionless, and two or three gentlemen dismounting at the place. These were new-comers. Then he resigned the hunt, and rode back.

Sir Charles's cap was crushed in, and there was blood on his white waistcoat; he was very pale, and quite insensible.

The gentlemen raised him, with expressions of alarm and kindly concern, and inquired of each other what was best to be done.

Richard Bassett saw an opportunity to conciliate opinion, and seized it. "He must be taken home directly," said he. "We must carry him to that farm-house, and get a cart for him."

He helped carry him accordingly.

The farmer lent them a cart, with straw, and they laid the insensible baronet gently on it, Richard Bassett supporting his head. "Gentlemen," said he, rather pompously, "at such a moment every thing but the tie of kindred is forgotten." Which resounding sentiment was warmly applauded by the honest squires.

They took him slowly and carefully toward Huntercombe, distant about two miles from the scene of he accident.

This 18th November Lady Bassett passed much as usual with her on hunting days. She was quietly patient till the afternoon, and then restless, and could not settle down in any part of the house till she got to a little room on the first-floor, with a bay-window commanding the country over which Sir Charles was hunting. In this she sat, with her head against one of the mullions, and eyed the country-side as far as she could see.

Presently she heard a rustle, and there was Mary Wells standing and looking at her with evident emotion.

"What is the matter, Mary?" said Lady Bassett.

"Oh, my lady!" said Mary. And she trembled, and her hands worked.

Lady Bassett started up with alarm painted in her countenance.

"My lady, there's something wrong in the hunting field."

"Sir Charles!"

"An accident, they say."

Lady Bassett put her hand to her heart with a faint cry. Mary Wells ran to her.

"Come with me directly!" cried Lady Bassett. She snatched up her bonnet, and in another minute she and Mary Wells were on their road to the village, questioning every body they met.

But nobody they questioned could tell them any thing. The stable-boy, who had told the report in the kitchen of Huntercombe, said he had it from a gentleman's groom, riding by as he stood at the gates.

The ill news thus flung in at the gate by one passing rapidly by was not confirmed by any further report, and Lady Bassett began to hope it was false.

But a terrible confirmation came at last.

In the outskirts of the village mistress and servant encountered a sorrowful procession: the cart itself, followed by five gentlemen on horseback, pacing slowly, and downcast as at a funeral.

In the cart Sir Charles Bassett, splashed all over with mud, and his white waistcoat bloody, lay with his head upon Richard Bassett's knee. His hair was wet with blood, some of which had trickled down his cheek and dried. Even Richard's buckskins were slightly stained with it.

At that sight Lady Bassett uttered a scream, which those who heard it never forgot, and flung herself, Heaven knows how, into the cart; but she got there, and soon had that bleeding head on her bosom. She took no notice of Richard Bassett, but she got Sir Charles away from him, and the cart took her, embracing him tenderly, and kissing his hurt head, and moaning over him, all through the village to Huntercombe Hall.

Four years ago they passed through the same village in a carriage-and-four—bells pealing, rustics shouting—to take possession of Huntercombe, and fill it with pledges of their great and happy love; and as they flashed past the heir at law shrank hopeless into his little cottage. Now, how changed the pageant!—a farmer's cart, a splashed and bleeding and senseless form in it, supported by a childless, despairing woman, one weeping attendant walking at the side, and, among the gentlemen pacing slowly behind, the heir at law, with his head lowered in that decent affectation of regret which all heirs can put on to hide the indecent complacency within.

LITTLE SUNBEAM.

"WINTER-GREENS! nice, fresh winter-greens!" cried a sweet, childish voice, as the western-bound train swept into a little station on the New York Central. It is amusing to see the manner in which the various occupants of a railroad train receive these little merchants, who swarm through the cars in the winter-green season. Here a gruff old bachelor, with spectacles on his nose, holds up his paper persistently to shut out the young vendor from his view; there a scented exquisite waves them away with a jeweled hand, and goes on staring at the ladies who are getting out at the station. These are not the men to regard the necessities of the poor; and it is only those who have felt the grinding hand of poverty who can feel for those who are yet walking the valley of the shadow. But somehow the liquid sweetness of the voice charmed more than one, and curious looks were cast down the passage between the seats; and this is what they saw: A girl about twelve years of age, of marvelous beauty, with a noble face, speaking blue eyes, and a profusion of nut-brown curls, which the wind, blowing through the open windows, lifted and toyed with merrily. There was an anxious, patient look in her young face, which was almost womanish, as she looked from side to side for purchasers.

"Winter-greens, Sir; winter-greens—a penny a bunch, Sir, nice and fresh."

The bachelor, with an audible sniff of disapprobation, only lifted his paper higher, in order that he might not see that patient little face.

"Go away, go away," said the exquisite, impatiently; "I don't eat grass."

The blue eyes began to fill a little, just as a hand was laid upon her arm. A handsome boy, with a manly face and form, and a bold, sprightly air, had half risen from his seat and touched her arm to draw her attention.

"Never mind them, little girl; they don't want to buy, but I do. How many bunches have you in the basket?"

"Thirty," replied the girl, opening her blue eyes wider in astonishment.

"All right. Empty them out on the seat here. Three cents a bunch, you said?"

"No; one."

"I think you said *three*," replied the boy, with a jolly laugh; "and when I have made up my mind to pay a certain price for a thing, I always like to do it. There is a dollar; and now you'd better scatter out of this, for the train is going to start."

"I have no change. Oh, dear me!"

"Never mind the change. What is your name?"

"Milly Floyd."

"Mine is Tom Granger, and I'm going to Rochester; but when I come back I shall stop here for a month at least. You can pay me then if you like. There goes the bell!"

She thanked him heartily, caught up her basket, and ran out of the car, and stood on the platform as the train moved away. "Good-by, Milly," cried the boy through the window. "I'll see you again when I come back."

He kissed his hand to her, and was gone; and Milly stood upon the platform, holding her empty basket, and looking with a delighted face at the bill she held in her hand. A dollar! It is a small sum, but to the poor there is bread and light and warmth in that little word. Dickens, who is gone, uttered a stinging sarcasm upon our people when he said that all our aspirations were centred in that one word, "dollars." It was not all deserved; and though it might be true of a class, and perhaps a large class of those with whom he came in contact—the buy-cheap-and-sell-dear portion of our people—it was a hard thing to say of a great nation, and Dickens himself, in his riper years, when he knew us better, retracted the saying. Money is useful for the good it will do, for the happiness it will bring to the sick and poor, for the countless blessings it will purchase. And if all men looked at money as Milly Floyd looked at the crumpled paper in her hand, this would be a happy world. She ran down the main street of the village, threw open the door of a small house in the suburbs, and came into a room poorly furnished enough, but neat as willing hands could make it. A man, sitting in an easy-chair near the window, turned his head as she entered, and greeted her with a smile: a gray-haired man, but with something of the child's features in the firm old face. Close beside his chair lay a crutch and cane, and it was easy to see from his manner that he was a cripple.

"What, Little Sunbeam! back so soon? Where are your winter-greens, child?"

"Sold, grandpa, every one. And see, a dollar, a whole dollar for them! A— Why, what is this?"

She stood with the bill unfolded in her hand, looking at it closely. In her haste, she had not done so before, and she now saw that, instead of one dollar, it was two!

"Oh, grandpa, he has made a mistake, and has given me two dollars instead of one! What shall I do?"

"Tell me about it, Sunbeam," the old man said, drawing her close to his side, and pressing his lips to her white forehead. She told him how the boy had bought all her winter-greens, and crumpled up the bill so that she should not look at it. The old man smiled, for no one feels a kind act sooner than the aged.

"The boy meant to give it to you, and did not want you to see how much it was. It was the act of a boy, and a good boy too, I think. What did he say his name was?"

"Granger—Tom Granger."

"Granger! I know the name; and if he is any kin to the man I loved, and has the same heart, he will make a noble man. You've heard me tell of the time when I was a sojer, and before I got this hurt, which made me a cripple for life."

"Yes, in Mexico."

"And there's another thing I never told you of, because it might seem almost like boasting. At Buena Vista I saved a captain's life, who was fighting to protect his colors, with half a dozen lances at him, and he with nothing but his sword. I was young and sprightly then, and I shouted to Ned Stacey—brave old Ned—and we went at them greasers together, with bayonets fixed. They are not a stout-hearted race, them Mexicans, and we came in time to save the captain and colors; but I got a poke from a lance through the thigh before it was over. That captain's name was Granger, and I've bin thinking whether he was any kin to this boy who was so kind to you. I never had a better or a truer friend than he was, and he had me made a sarjent in his company. But he was taken prisoner at the Belan Gate, and was hurt so bad they sent him home, and I never saw him again."

"Oh, grandpa, I think this boy must be his son, then. I'll believe it until I see him, and then

I'll ask. But why did the captain never look for you?"

"Who can say? Perhaps he never got well, and I've been such a hermit since, it was hard to track me. I'd give a year from my short life to know that he lived, and to hold his hand in mine again."

"Poor grandpa," she said; "how your eyes flash when you talk over those times!"

"And after that I feel what a helpless, useless wreck I am, sitting here all day while you work for me. Little Sunbeam, if I had the power, you'd never soil them pretty fingers with hard work, and sometimes I almost doubt God's justice; but not for long, little girl. His justice is sure."

"Don't talk about my work, dear grandpa. When my father and mother died, you brought me here and sent me to school, when you had nothing but your little pension to live on. Work! I'll work my fingers to the bone for you. And now I'm going out to buy a little tea, and make you a nice strong cup, and you'll like it."

She flitted out like the sunbeam after which he called her, and he was left alone. The old man bowed his head, and the tears trickled through his wrinkled fingers. Jared Wentworth had been a soldier of the republic, and he fought behind Scott to the gates of Mexico, where, in the last battle, he was crippled for life. He came home, and shortly after his only daughter dying left little Milly to his care. Since then she had earned the name he had given her, Little Sunbeam, for she was indeed the sunshine of his home. The old man idolized her, and she deserved nothing less at his hands, for she made the little dingy brown house bright by her presence. Labor for him was a pleasure, and her cheerful voice singing some sweet song was his morning music. She loved him tenderly, and it was a pleasure and not a toil to do his work. They were very poor, but mutual content made their poor fare equal to the costly viands of the rich. The girl was of a domestic nature, and her ready hands found work to do which he had never dreamed of. When the young winter-greens were coming up, she took her basket and went to the places where they grew, and made the little bunches which she sold on the cars. This did not last long, but by means of it she picked up here and there a few pennies, which were a great help to them, straitened as they often were for money. Nothing gave her greater pleasure than to see the brave old face brighten when she returned successful from the train; and when she had bad luck, and no one would buy, as sometimes happened, he would say, "All the luck can't come to us, Little Sunbeam; if not to-day, why, then to-morrow. It is all the same; so cheer up."

And when the winter-greens were gone, she had other means to get money. She picked berries and sold them in the village, or else sent them by Jim Matthews, who was brakeman on the Central, to sell for her in the great city a few miles away. Every one knew and respected Little Sunbeam, and her good friends were continually making her presents of some little delicacy for her grandfather which she was not able to buy.

They burned coal in winter because there was no one to chop wood for them, and I am afraid the firemen along the line dropped more coal from the engine than was really necessary, but it was always when they saw Milly with her little wagon gleaning coal by the side of the track. And old Joe Platner, the good-hearted negro, who was wood-sawyer in general to the village, sawed the little wood they used for little or nothing, under the shallow pretense that he was in such affluent circumstances that he could not think of charging more than twenty-five cents a cord. Black as thy face was, honest Joe, when the message comes which calls you to the happy land, this good deed shall be written in living characters beneath thy name, and make the soul within its dark tenement shine whiter than many another of far greater pretension than thine!

Tom Granger came back to the village, as he had promised, and Milly was the first to meet him at the train, and he would have bought her wares again at a fabulous price, if she would have allowed it. And when she refused, and said he had paid too much already, he took her basket on the train himself, and made every body buy, and pay round prices too. And when the last bunch was gone, he slyly slipped a silver half dollar among the change he had received, and put it into her hand uncounted.

"I owe you some," she said. "You gave me two dollars when you were here before."

"What if I did? Don't be a little humbug, Milly. I meant to give it to you."

"But I want to pay you back."

"Never take back any thing I give. No Indian in Tom Granger, little girl. Now take me to see your grandfather."

The old man was pleased to see them. "I can't rise, young gentleman, for I haven't the use of my limbs now," he said.

"Don't trouble yourself to apologize, Sir," said Tom, quietly. "It's enough for me to know that you are a soldier, and a wounded one. My father is a soldier, and he taught me to respect every man who had fought in the service of the country."

"Your father a soldier, boy?" said the veteran, with a brightening eye.

"This is Tom Granger, grandpa; the one I told you about. He wanted to see you, and I brought him."

"And you are right welcome to my poor house for the name you bear. Your father was not in the Mexican war, was he?"

"Yes, Sir; all through it."

"At Buena Vista?"

"Yes. He was nearly killed at Buena Vista by a lot of lancers, and was saved by two private soldiers."

"Two men sneaking about to rob the dead, perhaps," said Grandfather Wentworth.

Tom Granger was silent, but a sullen look came into his face.

"Do you know any better of them?" said the old man, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"I know this," shouted Tom, starting up angrily, "that they saved my father's life, and that he said he would give ten thousand dollars to find one of them."

"Which one?"

"He was called Wentworth, and after the battle of the Belan Gate he was lost. My father has searched far and near for him, advertised in the newspapers, and kept men on the watch for him for years. He says he was a true-hearted, simple man, a hero and a soldier every inch. And you, who have been a soldier, ought to—" Tom stopped, and choked a little.

"Say the rest, my boy," cried the old man, with a glowing face. "Don't be afeared to speak."

"Ought to have a better heart than to speak ill of a man you never saw, and who saved my father's life."

"Boy," cried the old soldier, seizing his hand, "I am that sojer Wentworth who fout beside your brave father through Mexico, to the very gates!"

"You!" shouted Tom. "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! Won't my father be glad. Give me your hand, Sir; I want to shake it—the hand of a man who turned away death from my father. I'll write to him to-morrow; I'll write to mother, and she'll come. I shall go crazy, I'm so glad."

"There, grandfather, didn't I tell you?" said Milly, proud of her protégé, Tom Granger. "I knew he was good."

"And the captin didn't forgit the old sarjent, arter all," muttered the old man. "Go out into the garden and talk, my children; I want to think—to think of the old times."

They went out reverently, leaving him alone. The coming of this boy, bringing him news from his loved officer, and showing him that the man he had saved had not forgotten him, warmed his brave old heart. There was something in Tom Granger's face, young as he was, which touched the old soldier deeply—it was so like his father's, as he remembered it.

The next day Tom wrote two letters—one to his father in the far West, and one to his mother. Two days after Mrs. Granger came, and greeted the old man as a dear friend, who had saved her husband's life.

"I am going to ask for your brightest jewel. Give me this child, and I will love her as the child I lost so long ago. I know it will be hard to part, but is it not better for the child?"

The brave old face fell at the thought. "Take her! take Little Sunbeam!" He tried to think of the house as it would seem without her smile to make it bright. "Take Milly!" He only lived in her presence, and in the thought that she would soon come back to him. To miss her light step on the floor, her merry song at morning, her farewell kiss at night! A sort of tremor came over him, and Milly broke away from Mrs. Granger, and threw herself into his arms.

"No, no, no! I am here, grandfather. I am your Little Sunbeam, and I will not leave you. The lady is very good and kind, but she does not know that without me you would die."

"I won't be so selfish, Little Sunbeam," moaned the old man. "Think of what you must give up—gay dresses, balls, and fashion, good schools, and the sight of countries of which you have only dreamed. It makes no difference when the maimed old veteran dies, but it is hard to dig up old roots. I must die here, here where I was born, and I can die alone. Milly darling, go with the lady, and don't forget—"

"I won't," cried Milly, almost angrily. "Leave you? I could not do it. I am glad to know that the lady loves us, and would do so much for us, but I must stay with my grandfather."

"Is this a woman or a child?" was Mrs. Granger's thought. A woman in thought and purpose, madam; for the hard life she had led, the striving with poverty, the thousand and one shifts to stretch their little means to the utmost, had developed her early. Mrs. Granger was a woman of tact, and though she had set her heart upon having this beautiful child to love and pet, she knew how to yield gracefully, and she did it now.

"I was wrong, my child," she said. "In my wish to have you for my own I forgot one who has a stronger claim upon you. At the same time, my husband would never forgive me if I let you remain in poverty, and I must do something for you. Not in the way of charity, Mr. Wentworth; it is a debt—a holy debt, which ought to have been paid long ago."

She found it hard to persuade the old man; but when she told him how it would grieve her husband if she did not give him help, he complied. Then the mouse worked for the lion. She went to Washington and laid the case before her acquaintance there in Congress, and the result was a largely increased pension to the old soldier, who would not have taken help from any other source. The pension was not great; but it was enough, with strict economy, to enable them to live with less toil on Milly's part. She went no more to the cars with winter-greens, and had more time for school. She studied hard at home, too, and showed a great aptitude for certain branches, which surprised her teachers. Tom Granger came often to Port Dalton, and as often as he came, and saw Milly working about her grandfather in her plain dress, ready of heart and hand, he went away thinking of her as a saint.

So years went on. The boy of eighteen was a tall young man of twenty-four, and Milly was the same age as Tom on the day when she sold him winter-greens on the cars. Time had developed her into a beautiful woman, with a strong, clear brain, and a heart as tender and true as in her childhood. And so, when those seven years have passed, we find her walking by the side of the beautiful lake, in the yellow haze of the Indian summer, and a young man, tall and strong, but with the same bold face which beamed on her when she first saw him in the cars so long ago. She was a teacher now, and liked her vocation, though Tom declaimed loudly against it.

Nota Bene.—Tom had been a school-boy, and understood the species.

She was standing before him with downcast eyes, while he was telling her in passionate words how he loved her. He had borne down her first objections, as to lack of wealth and station, family hopes and ties, and then she said:

"Listen to me, Tom. You ask me if I love you, and I tell you yes. Stop; do not touch me. I can not be your wife. I have a mission which I can not divide with another. That mission is to make the declining years of my dear old grandfather happy, to lead him tenderly to his last home, and keep the grass green and the flowers bright above his grave."

"I never had a thought of separating you," said Tom.

"He could not leave his native place, Tom. Here he was born, and here he will die. He could not bear to see me married, even to you, whom he loves so well. It breaks my heart to say this, Tom; but—"

"There!" cried generous Tom; "I was a brute to make you cry; but I love you dearly, little one, and don't mean to give you up. You have said the word, 'I love you,' and if we never meet again that thought will give me strength. I will wait your time."

And she gave him her hand, and they walked on beside the shining lake. Our Tom was not one of the puling sort of lovers. He saw that the time was not ripe, and waited.

It was getting dusk when they came up the path which led to the cottage, and as they opened the door the sound of the distant whistle announced the coming of the express train. The old man half started from his chair as Tom's manly figure appeared in the door-way, but sank again with a sigh. "I thought *he* had come," he murmured. "Will he come in time?"

"He means your father," whispered Milly. "He talks of him a great deal now."

They sat in the deepening twilight talking in low tones, and did not hear the step coming up the path, until a tall figure blocked the door, and a voice said,

"I am looking for an old soldier called Jared Wentworth—"

"Present!" cried the veteran; and in spite of wounds and age he stood erect before his chair, his hand raised in the old military salute. Then his strength gave way, and Tom Granger caught him in his arms.

"Father," he cried, "you here?"

"At last, old comrade," said the colonel, as he stood beside the chair. "Look up; do you know me?"

"Know *you!* I think if you was to call my name when I was in my grave I'd say 'present.' It's the captin—my dear young captin—come to see the old sojer die."

"Not for that, old friend. Bear up; you and I shall sit in the chimney-corner many years to come, and talk of the old times."

"No," said the feeble voice; "I've got my orders, and I only waited for you to come. You are here, and I have answered to my name, and now I'm ready to go. Little Sunbeam, I want your arms about me when I die."

Milly had gently removed the arms of Tom Granger, and was supporting the old man's head upon her bosom. These two had loved each other well in all their troubles, and their simple lives had been lived out so far that the other might be happy.

"I've done a great wrong, little girl," said the sergeant, faintly. "I loved you so much that when the lady talked of taking you away it wrung my poor old heart to its depths. Yes, I loved you, but I ought to have let you go. What right had I, a useless old hulk, to tie your young life down to mine?"

"Hush, hush, grandfather," she said. "You *know* I would not have left you."

"It's a true heart this, my captin," said the old man. "I reckon she's got the good old blood in her veins, the blood of the Wentworth who died at old Bunker Hill. I'm going, captin; let me take your hand. Promise me, by the field of Buena Vista, by Palo Alto, and the Belan Gate, that you will make the path these little feet must tread happy to its close, if you can."

"I will!" replied the colonel, promptly. "She is my daughter from this hour."

"Thank you, captin. A soldier keeps his word; you promised to come in time to see your old sarjent die, and you came. You will keep your word to me, and Little Sunbeam will be happy. Now lay me down, my darling; let me rest, for I am tired."

They laid him down, and the old man seemed to sleep. He was asleep, but the slumber which can only be broken by the summons upon the resurrection morning.

Two years passed, and the grass was green on Sergeant Wentworth's grave, under the apple-trees on a sunny slope. Two came down the hill-side hand in hand, and scattered flowers upon the grave. Who were they? Tom Granger and Little Sunbeam, man and wife; and as they stood looking down upon the grave, his arm about her, the bright head resting on his shoulder, she whispered,

"Do you think *he* sees us, and is glad, dear Tom?"

"I hope so," said Granger, and stooped his proud head to kiss her; and they went on in the fading afternoon, and so into the great world which lay beyond, happy and beloved. The blessing of that old man dead had followed, and will cling to them even to the end.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CITY exquisite having become agriculturally ambitious, went in search of a farm, and finding one for sale, began to bargain for it. The seller mentioned, as one of its recommendations, that it had a very cold spring on it. "Ah—aw?" said the fop; "I won't take it, then, for I've heard that cold springs ruined the crops last year, and I don't want a place with such a drawback upon it."

BADLY BEATEN—Carpets, just now.

A lad in Hartford whose fifth birthday occurred last week asked his parents if the schools would keep open that day, adding, "They didn't on Washington's birthday."

"Woman is a delusion, madam!" exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick retort.

PRIVATE-EARING—Listening at a key-hole.

"I say, Pat," said a Yankee to an Irishman who was digging in his garden, "are you digging out a hole in that onion bed?" "No," said Pat; "I'm digging out the earth and leaving the hole."

"My dear boy," said a lady to a precocious youth of sixteen, "does your father design you to tread the intricate and thorny paths of a profession, the straight and narrow paths of the ministry, or revel in the flowery fields of literature?" "No, marm; dad says he's going to set me to work in the tater field."

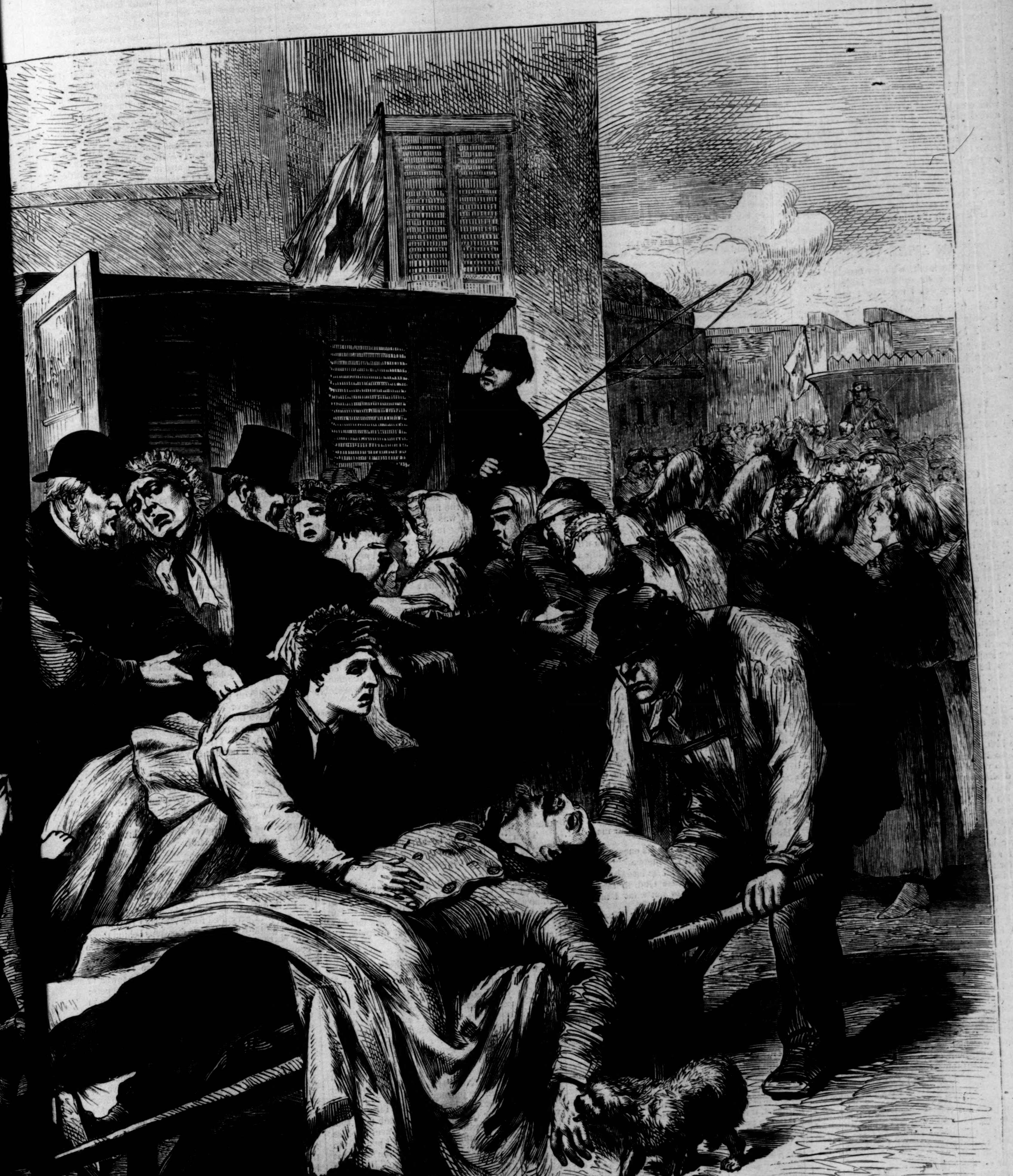
A California man requested his wife in a ball-room to hold the baby of another man's wife while he danced with the baby's mother—but she didn't hold it. Some wives are too disobedient to put up with.

The Michigan State-prison convicts are tortured by a hand-organ which the warden hires a man to grind. They are petitioning for the restoration of capital punishment.

The fellow who called tight boots comfortable defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

THE CIVIL WAR IN FRANCE—BRINGING W MUN



GING W... MUNIST SOLDIERS INTO PARIS.—[See Page 482.]

BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED.

The double-page illustration we give this week shows one of the many sad phases of the terrible civil war now raging about the walls of Paris. Sanguinary conflicts take place every day before the fortifications between the troops of the Versailles government and those of the Commune. The wounded Communists taken prisoners are sent into Versailles on pannier seats—one suspended on each side of a horse—and they usually present a wretched appearance. Their uniform, as National Guards, is torn from their backs, and they are permitted to retain no article of military costume. The Communist wounded who escape capture are sent into Paris by the ambulance wagons, but are not so well cared for as those who suffered during the German siege, because the Commune has suppressed the charitable establishment of the International Society for the Relief of the Wounded, confiscated its stores, and sent away the Sisters of Mercy. A distressing scene, where the wife and children of a man badly wounded gather about him in the street as he is taken out of the ambulance wagon, is shown in the illustration.

AN APRIL VIOLET.

Under the larch, with its tassels wet,
While the early sunbeams lingered yet,
In the rosy dawn my love I met.

Under the larch, when the sun was set,
He came with an April violet:
Forty years—and I have it yet.

Out of life, with its fond regret,
What have love and memory yet?
Only an April violet.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XL.—(*Continued.*)

More days and nights of weakness and of pain, or was it but a few hours or minutes? Her eyes were sore with weeping, but the tears had cleared her brain when she woke next to find faithful Carry still leaning over her pillow.

"Was it long ago, Carry?" asked she.

"Since master died? Three weeks to-day, madam."

"Tell me all."

"I know nothing, save that he is dead; that is all that any body knows. It was very sudden. The doctor said it was his heart: a very little would have done it; and Mr. Horn—"

Mabel clasped her child tight to her breast, and such a look of terror came into her face that Carry stopped in alarm.

"Is he here—at Wapshot?" whispered her mistress.

"No, madam. He left immediately after the funeral."

"But he is coming back again. I know he is."

"Not at present, madam, let us hope. Nobody wants Mr. Horn here. If God would only take him, and make your bonny boy the heir, that would please every body!"

"Do you really mean that? Would you take my darling's part against him? I mean, will you help me to save its life?"

"Oh dear, dear! pray don't go on like that, madam," cried Carry, wringing her hands. "I have done you harm, I see; and Mrs. Merthyr and the doctor warned me to tell you nothing. Pray calm yourself."

"I am quite calm and sane, Carry; do not fear for me, but only for this little one. If you love him or me, I beseech you help us now. If you have ever had cause to fear or hate this man, believe me that we too have cause to fear and hate him: he is a murderer in his heart already. I am quite friendless here, Carry; my little babe and I have none to look to but yourself; oh! *will* you help us?"

"Indeed, indeed, I will, dear mistress. What shall I do?"

"Get me my clothes—the dress I wore that dreadful night. Quick, quick!"

"But, madam, even if you were fit to put it on—which you are not—the dress is not a black one, you forget."

Nevertheless Carry brought it from the wardrobe, and watched with wonder her mistress smooth the garment out upon the counterpane. As she did so, in tones that, by comparison with the feverish anxiety she had just evinced, were quiet and composed—"Have I been mad as well as ill?" inquired Mabel.

"You have not been yourself, and that's the truth, madam," said Carry, apologetically. "You called the doctor father, and Mrs. Merthyr Martha; and your talk has been on tramps and dogs and dolls."

"Never on shipwrecks or savage lands, Carry? Are you quite sure?"

"Never while I was with you, madam, and I have been with you most days and nights. Has your mind been running on such things, that you think you talked of them?"

"Yes," said Mabel, thoughtfully. If her maid spoke truth, she had not been raving, then, about the secret; that was so far well. A sudden thought caused her to ask Carry to fetch something from the escritoire in the next room.

"It is not there, madam," was the reply. "It got knocked down and broken, I don't know how; and Mrs. Merthyr, finding it was empty, sent it to be repaired."

"Knocked down and broken!" True, she had seen her husband fall; and for all she knew, when sense went from her at that ghastly sight, she might herself have fallen and thrown down the desk. But was it not more likely that Horn himself, raging to find some clew to her knowledge of that with which she had so audaciously charged him, had pulled the escritoire to pieces? How thankful she felt now that she had removed the packet to that safe spot where, but a moment since, she had felt it smooth and safe! Of the authenticity of its contents she felt as positively certain as of her own existence, though the proof was as far off as ever—nay, even farther. For who, her husband being dead, would have the power to prosecute the necessary researches? She had no scruples as to doing so *now;* not only because he was no more, but for another reason. It seemed to her, in that lightning flash of vision when she had seen Mr. Winthrop totter toward her, that on his livid face there was a look of trust and faith, and that his outstretched hands had appealed to her for aid against this brutal wretch, who had boasted of his own duplicity, and striven to blacken her fair fame within his hearing. "If he had but lived," she thought, "he would have seen justice done to me and mine." But now, if justice was to come, it must be by other means. True, she could see none. This written confession was all she had of proof; insufficient, she was well aware, to obtain credence from the most willing mind, though so convincing to herself. But one man in the world would credit it, and he the one whose interest lay in its destruction, and who had sworn to compass hers. He knew not what it was that she was possessed of, but it was more than probable that he suspected what it was. None but the devil, said he, could have told her—that is, by word of mouth; he must needs conclude, then, that the secret was in writing. Yet here she was beneath this man's own roof, helpless and weak and ill—a slender guard on a great treasure, set in a perilous place; above all, there was her child in peril too!

"Carry," said Mabel, firmly, "at what times does Mrs. Merthyr come to see me?"

"She comes three times a day, madam, after each of her meals, remaining here an hour at mid-day, when I have my dinner; but in case there should be any change in you, especially if you should come to yourself, as you *have* done—Heaven be thanked!—she charged me I was to be sure and let her know. I ought to have summoned her at once, but—"

"Hush! listen!" interrupted Mabel, decisively. "I am your mistress now, and you will obey *me.* When Mrs. Merthyr comes I shall be asleep, and you must let her believe matters have remained just as they were in the mean time. Promise me this."

"Of course, madam, I shall obey you rather than Mrs. Merthyr."

"Good. At what time does the doctor come?"

"In the morning at ten o'clock, and about the same hour at night."

"Then, by eleven or so the house is quite quiet, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, madam; there is nothing to keep any one up now—no junketings in the servants' hall, nor such like, as you may well believe. To be sure, there's Murk, Mr. Horn's man, who seemingly cares nothing for what has happened, and drinks and runs on as usual."

"Murk here?" cried Mabel, with a shiver. "Then things are even worse for us than I feared they were. If you have any love for me, or pity for my little babe, Carry," pleaded she, with vehemence, "I once again entreat you to help us!"

"If I can I will, madam," answered the girl, simply.

"And yet," said Mabel, "I must tell you frankly that in helping me you will make Mr. Horn your enemy."

"Mr. Horn has made me *his* enemy for life," answered the girl, with vehemence. "His worst can be no worse than the ill he has already done us. When I said, 'Please God to take him,' you may be sure that was not what I meant at all."

At any other time Mabel would have reproved her attendant for entertaining such uncharitable ideas; but the occasion was scarcely one for a homily.

"Have you any friend in the village that you can thoroughly depend upon, Carry?"

"I—I think I have, madam," replied the girl, with a blush and a stammer that told their own tale. "There's Philip Dod, the miller's son, as would do, I believe, any thing I asked him to do."

"And yet keep his own counsel?" continued Mabel, thoughtfully.

"Oh yes, madam," naïvely replied Carry. "Philip is not one to kiss and tell, nor is he one of those that goes to the *Dragon*, like Mr. Murk, to boast and bawl o' nights. His head is as good a one, it is said, as any in Wapshot; and as for his heart, if it be not leal and true, there's no such a thing in man. You may trust Philip, madam, believe me."

"Carry," said Mabel, suddenly, "if I thought that a true heart such as you describe was to be bribed, I would say here is fifty pounds for one hour's work, and my promise (if I ever have the means) to give his bride a dower. But what I am about to ask you for pity's sake, do you ask him for love's. What time is it now?"

"Near mid-day, madam."

"Then, when Mrs. Merthyr has taken your place here, you must find some excuse for going down to the village and seeing Philip."

"I'll endeavor to think of one, madam," replied Carry, demurely, and as though such an idea had never entered into her head before.

"When you have found him, you must first bind him to secrecy, and then persuade him to have a post-chaise in waiting at eleven to-night at the cross-roads by Fellfoot. Here is a five-pound note, in case he may not have the money by him to hire it—"

"But, madam," interrupted the girl, aghast, "you are not fit to move. The cold will kill you, and your poor baby too."

"I would rather trust him to the bitterest east wind that ever blew on the white fells," said Mabel, vehemently, "than to the mercy of Horn Winthrop. Another night beneath this roof would kill me of itself. In every sound I hear his footfall. Hush! what is that?"

Dumb and stiff, Mabel sat up and listened, with damp brow and stony stare. Her look of terror had more persuasion for tender-hearted Carry than all her arguments had had. "All shall be as you desire," she whispered, soothingly. "Lie down again, dear madam; it is only Mrs. Merthyr."

As Mabel closed her eyes, the stealthy opening of the door and rustle of stiff silk by her bedside announced the presence of the housekeeper.

"How does your mistress seem, Vance? Has there been any change since the morning?"

"She seems more inclined for sleep, I think, ma'am," replied the waiting-maid, not without some trepidation, for her early awe of the stately housekeeper had by no means worn away with years. "But it's a great responsibility the not having any regular nurse."

"Hush! hush!" interposed the old lady, loftily; "that is not your affair. We must obey our betters in this world without questioning. The doctor said that, under the circumstances, it was best that his patient should have no strange faces about her; though, no doubt, that gives us more work to do. Take a good hour to your dinner, my girl; and if you think a little fresh air will do you good, you may try a turn afterward upon the terrace."

Mrs. Merthyr was a good woman after her fashion, though, if you had deprived her of the externals of dignity, she would not have stood up so well by herself as her stiff silk. In this respect she was no weaker than many persons in much more eminent situations; and she had a kind heart. Not a whisper of impatience escaped her as she kept watch in the sick-room, notwithstanding that the interpretation Carry gave to her "good hour" was excessively liberal. Now she would stalk up to the bed, and bestow a pitying glance upon Mabel and the child, and now she would stand by the fire, and muse—no doubt on the future that was awaiting her at Wapshot. Would the young master retain her in her situation, or would his conduct and "goings on" be such under that roof that she could not with propriety remain there? Mr. Horn was no favorite of hers, but he was now her master, and she was one of those persons whose allegiance is very heritable. She would have believed, had she ever chanced to hear of it, in the doctrine of the right divine of kings; and though she would certainly not have abetted a Winthrop in any wrong, it would have been difficult to persuade her to act antagonistically to one of that race. As Mabel watched her through half-shut eyes she could not help reflecting it was well for her scheme of safety that it did not rest with this respectable dame to put it into effect.

When the waiting-maid returned it was easy to see in her bright face that it had lately looked upon her lover. But had she persuaded him to do her mistress's bidding? With feverish anxiety poor Mabel had to wait for this fateful "yes" or "no" till Mrs. Merthyr had indulged in a diatribe against dawdling: "When I was your age, girl, I could have had my dinner, and run to the village and back, in half the time you have thought proper to take," etc.

At last, having delivered her broadside, this stately three-decker sailed out of the room.

Then "Philip will be at Fellfoot at eleven, madam," were Carry's assuring words.

"But the post-chaise—the carriage?" asked Mabel, eagerly.

"Oh, of course, he will bring the carriage," answered Carry (as though wheels had been an ordinary supplement of the wings of Love). "But, oh, madam, the cold will be something terrible."

"Does it snow?" inquired her mistress, with apprehension.

"No, madam."

"Thank Heaven for that!—there will be, at least, no wheel-tracks to show the road that we have taken."

If Carry had contemplated any further remonstrance, the resolute determination expressed in Mabel's tone repressed it. For the rest of the day she busied herself in selecting the warmest clothes and "wraps" from her mistress's wardrobe; and when the doctor and Mrs. Merthyr had paid their last visit for the night she proceeded to attire her two charges—the one, though so indomitable of spirit, almost as helpless as the other—for their perilous journey. Mabel, in her furs and wool, might have been mistaken for an arctic voyager but for the pale, transparent face that looked forth as anxiously from its warm hood as any bird whose young are threatened peers from its mossy nest. Her babe, swathed like an infant Esquimaux, lay in her arms: she would not part with him even to her faithful maid, nor did Carry press her to do so, since the child was less likely to be unquiet with its mother, and silence was essential for their safety. Imagine them moving, ghost-like, through the long gallery, the maid leading the way, with one hand shading the candle, and ever and anon stopping to listen to some suspicious sound—Yorkist and Lancastrian, Cavalier and Roundhead, gazing in wonder from their canvas at this mysterious flitting of the last-born of their line. On her part, too, Mabel could not forbear a glance at the picture of her predecessor, smiling so gayly on the escape of the rival of her son, as though she saw it would preserve him from a greater crime than any he had yet committed; at which idea Horn Winthrop's menacing face came into Mabel's mind, and froze the very marrow in her bones, for all her furs. How the back stairs creaked beneath their weight as they stole down them! and how the wind in the crannies, as they neared the outer door, strove to rouse the household with its treacherous whispers of alarm! They were already in the stone passage called the Servants' Corridor, when suddenly a light appeared at the other end of it. "Back, back," whispered Carry, and her mistress shrunk at once under the shadow of the stairs. "We are lost. It is Mr. Murk!"

"Ah, I see you, Miss Caroline!" cried this gentleman, in thick and yet triumphant tones, as though it was not so easy to recognize one's acquaintances as sober people imagine. "You keep late hours for this respectable establishment. How for—for—for—" Here he abandoned the proposed expression as unsuitable. "How lucky it happens that I chance to be late too!" Mr. Murk was a short, squat man, though very strongly built; and in his present condition, which was one of extreme intoxication, he resembled one of those Dutch tumblers which sway from side to side, and are the delight of children. His egotism caused him to imagine that he was the delight of the waiting-maid.

"May I hope that this meeting is not altogether an accident, Miss Caroline?" hiccoughed this below-stairs Silenus, with a leer, his head turned admiringly aside, and his candle sloped to that degree that the grease dropped on the floor. He stretched out his disengaged arm to welcome the object of affection thus suddenly presented to him, and effectually barred the way. A guttural noise, indicative of ardent passion, a parody on the pur of a pleased cat, issued from his thick lips.

"I am a deal better man than Philip," murmured he, assuringly; "and your master's own man."

As for this first position, it might have been open to doubt, but the second was indisputable. He looked Mr. Horn's own man every inch of him.

"You'll give me a kiss; I *know* you will," pleaded he. An irresistible glance from his ferret eyes accompanied this request, and yet the maiden hesitated.

"You must catch me first, Mr. Murk," cried she, with a light laugh, and stepped aside into the housekeeper's parlor, the door of which stood ajar.

A look of ineffable complacency stole over Mr. Murk's features. He did not trouble himself to pursue his Daphne with the speed of an Apollo, but remained a moment in the corridor to confess a weakness. "And I had almost begun to believe," said he, with a wag of his head, "that this kind little wench was a modest girl!" The delay was fatal to his expectations. The housekeeper's parlor had two doors. He found it empty, and the inner door locked; and when he returned to that which opened into the corridor, a click of the key informed him that he was a prisoner.

"My beautiful Carry," cried he, through the key-hole, "a joke is a joke, but you break my heart."

"Will you put your candle out?" replied the dulcet voice of Thisbe.

"I have done it," cried Pyramus, suiting the action to the word.

"Then, now, I'll leave you, you drunken pig, since there is no fear of your setting the house on fire."

The next moment he heard the back-door open, and felt the rush of the cold night air; and that was all that Mr. Murk—who had been left at home expressly to look after them—had to communicate to his master in the way of information concerning the escape of Mrs. Winthrop and her babe from Wapshot Hall.

CHAPTER XLI.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

It is near three years since Mabel and her babe, with Carry, fled from Wapshot Hall in that winter's night, and left no footsteps behind them. Her secret and sudden flight was a wonder to the country round—not of nine days, but of ninety. In the feudal districts editors are fortunately rare, and less "enterprising" than in the towns, or it would certainly have got into the newspapers; as it was, it formed the staple of conversation in country houses, and was a boon to every dinner-table. A great many persons claimed to possess exclusive information upon the matter, but their accounts were widely different. Of course, none approached the truth; but those which came nearest to it averred that Mrs. Winthrop had left her home to avoid the presence of her step-son, who, happily for this theory, had chanced to arrive the very morning after her departure. His temper was violent, his manners were odious; and his absence from Wapshot during the brief period of her wedded life proved that his step-mother and himself were far from being on good terms. She was a young woman of spirit, and had fled to avoid his rudeness, and, perhaps, to anticipate being turned out of the house. It was allowed that Horn Winthrop was capable of any thing.

The explanation of the affair that found most general credence, however, was that, overwhelmed by the calamity of her husband's sudden death at a time when she was so ill fitted to bear it, Mabel's mind had given way, and that she had been placed by her friends in a private asylum for the insane. The village doctor who had attended her in her confinement confirmed this view so far as to admit that, since the birth of her child, Mrs. Winthrop had "never been herself;" while Horn, on his part, for reasons of his own, took no pains to contradict this view of the question. That foul play had taken place never entered into any body's head; and, indeed, there was Philip Dod, the miller's son, to vouch for the fact that Mrs. Winthrop had left the Hall of her own free-will, though beyond that nothing could be extracted from him by the most skillful brain-sucker. Philip was pump-proof for the

best of reasons—he had nothing to tell. When he had occasion to write to his Beloved Object he addressed her under cover to Miss Martha Barr, at Brackmere. All communications (and they were few enough) intended for Mabel first passed through her cousin's hands, and were forwarded none knew whither. It was not likely that she should have fled to Brackmere. To trespass a second time, with her child and maid too, upon Martha's slender means of hospitality was, of course, not to be thought of; and as for taking lodgings for herself in the little town—if its gossip had been odious to her of old, how could she have endured it *now?* Above all, it was her chief solicitude to keep the place of her retreat a secret from Horn Winthrop, and Brackmere was the very spot to which his fierce eyes would turn for her; and did turn.

Smarting from his recent discomfiture at the fair hands of Carry, as well as from the savage displeasure of his baffled master, Mr. Murk had been dispatched in hot haste to Brackmere, and awakened once more the admiration of that rising watering-place as a visitor out of the season. He avoided *The George*, however, putting up at a much less ambitious house of entertainment, and maintained as discreet an incognito as his native frankness (when in his cups) permitted. He had hung about Bellevue Terrace, and cast sheep's-eyes upon Miss Barr's abigail—not without results. The excellent Rachel, indeed, was no longer there; she was "not dead," but "gone before" his arrival—let us hope to a better place. She had not been able satisfactorily to explain her right to certain properties abstracted from Miss Jennings's jewel drawer during her short residence with that lady, and traced, through the medium of a pawnbroker, to her own possession. When Mr. Simcoe, who (at Martha's request) had undertaken to conduct a private inquiry into the matter in person, took occasion to cross-examine her, it unfortunately happened that this good woman was in liquor, and would vouchsafe nothing in the way of information except a monotonous chant, the burden of which was that she asked his pardon, but knew her place, and hoped the cat would spit in his face. Untouched by the simplicity of this ballad, Mr. Simcoe would have summoned a policeman but for Martha's urgent supplication. "Only upon one condition, my dear madam," said he, "shall I forbear to do so—you must get rid of this drunken thief within the hour." Which was accordingly done, though her departure almost broke her mistress's heart.

Her successor had two eyes, which reciprocated Mr. Murk's soft glances. As a gentleman supporting himself on his own means at a hotel, it was only natural that his honorable addresses should be welcome to her. But when he came to put the all-important question: "Jemima Jane, my own dear love, to what address does your missis write to her cousin?" she was unable to gratify his curiosity. Though her education had not been utterly neglected, she could only read "print;" a running hand was as undecipherable to her as ancient Cornish (now only known to choughs). As for letting dear Mr. Murk glance his eye over an envelope, it had, unfortunately, become her mistress's invariable custom to pocket her letters as soon as she had addressed them, and to post them herself.

The retreat that Mabel had chosen was not, indeed, likely to be discovered, so far as faithful Martha Barr was concerned. She could not understand the reasons which made her cousin so solicitous to live retired. To her sturdy common-sense the terror in which the young widow stood of her step-son seemed, perhaps, ridiculous and chimerical; but she had no doubt of its genuineness. Mabel had appealed to her, on behalf of her helpless babe, to maintain the secret of her hiding-place inviolate, and henceforth the trust was sacred to her. She desired greatly to consult the astute Mr. Simcoe, and to demand from him that assistance and protection which she well knew he would be eager to afford; but she held her peace. She yearned to clasp Mabel to her own bosom, and to behold the child whom the young mother described with such ecstatic fondness; but she made no attempt to do so, lest, as Mabel warned her would be the case, she should be watched and followed. That Horn Winthrop was, for some cause or other, exceedingly desirous to ascertain where his step-mother resided, was clear to Martha. Not only had she discovered, though not till some time after the fact, Mr. Murk's attempt to acquire the address, but she had seen Horn, with her own eyes, at Brackmere—a place which, Simcoite though she was at heart, she did not believe was likely to have had any native attraction for him. He had made no attempt to intrude upon her, and after a while had left the place; but she never felt safe from his machinations. Not long ago, indeed, as though despairing of gaining his end by craft, he had dispatched an emissary to ask the question, "Where is Mr. Winthrop's widow now residing?" point-blank. A handsome, frank young fellow, very well fitted in appearance to win confidence, and who seemed thoroughly ashamed of the part he had been commissioned to play, had called upon her in person, but declined to give his name.

"It is my cousin's wish to live privately," she had replied, with great indignation; "and if it were otherwise, what right have you, may I ask, to make any such inquiry?"

At this he stammered, colored, looked exceedingly disconcerted, and left the house, as the triumphant Martha vigorously expressed it, "with his tail between his legs, and a flea in his ear."

Though thus mysteriously debarred from Mabel's society, she heard from her very regularly, and was almost as well acquainted with her occupation and mode of life as though she had shared them. Upon one occasion she had even received a photograph, with "Burn this at once" upon it, of the residence her cousin had chosen. In a break of a line of high chalk cliffs was a small wooded chine through which a stream ran down, and was lost in the yellow sands. Across the stream was a wooden bridge, and beside the bridge a cottage, at whose door stood a fair lady with a child in her arms. These two figures Martha had cut out before committing the rest of the picture to the flames, and they formed the joy of her life. Thanks to the blessed sun—under which, it is said, nothing is new, and yet that has done such new and good things for the absent and the surviving in these latter days—she had thus both Mabel and her Georgey; and whenever tidings came from the former, these portraits were produced, to illustrate, as it were, the letter-press.

Mabel had not many striking incidents to describe, as may be well imagined; and, to say truth, her letters might have been termed the Annals of Master Georgey. In them were chronicled with minuteness such events as the cutting of his teeth, and even of his hair (a lock of which was inclosed to his unknown "Marty"); his favorable rashes; his wicked (and delightful) escapades; his latest acquisitions of vocabulary. When he had the measles there were almost daily bulletins. "A most excellent doctor fortunately resides in the village—else Heaven only knows what we should have done. Very like our own dear old Dr. Bowen, at Swallowdip. He is the only person I can speak to hereabouts, except my landlady; but my sweet Georgey has his own circle of acquaintance—his chief friend is the old fisherman who is so good as to supply us with lobsters. You will laugh at this; but they are our sole luxury, and Carry and I prize them exceedingly. Carry is most kind, and is devoted to the child. My heart smites me for so selfishly debarring her from the company of her lover; but she is content, for my sake, to wait a little longer yet, and the risk of it would be so terrible. When Georgey gets a few months older we shall be better able to dispense with her services......I think of you, dear Martha, a hundred times a day. How I wish you could be our companion in our walks along the cliff path (at this you look alarmed, but never fear; you may be sure that Master G. is always carried), and on these beautiful sands! But why do I vex myself (and, as I flatter myself, you also) with such thoughts! Alas! the sight of you would fill me with only too well founded fears. I do not know even whether the day will ever arrive when I may tell you *what* fears. In the mean time be assured, my dear cousin, that but for them, and for our enforced separation, I should now be happy. My boy is all in all to me......You used to admire my poor husband, I know; well, Georgey is a very handsome likeness of his father, and *so* loving and tender-hearted! Oh, if you could but see him!......"

Mabel's letters were all of this homely type, and would have portrayed a life of wholesome sunshine, but for the shadow of one morbid fear.

At last came a communication of a very different sort. No linked home-news long drawn out, but a few rapid lines that breathed expectancy and hoped-for action; above all, in the greatness of its tidings, the apprehension that hovered over all her sky seemed almost to be scared away. "A miracle has happened, Martha dearest, or a something that seems a miracle! I may not now tell you what it is, for the same reason that I have so long kept silence; but I have good hope that, at no distant date, I may tell you *all*, and that by word of mouth. In the mean time send me the address of some honest lawyer—a man to whom one can trust a secret of the last importance. Mr. Simcoe will help you so far, I am well convinced, for the sake of old times. I scarcely know what I write. Conceive that it has become possible that the man we fear may have good cause to disquiet us no longer—that the way of life that looked so rough may be smoothed for my tender boy—and you will make allowance for any thing I may write. Do not, at all events, doubt my sanity. Let me have your reply by return of post. I shall not sleep till I have got it—till I have seen this lawyer. He must be told nothing at present. Mr. Simcoe will make an appointment for me with him at the earliest date; but he must not, of course, mention my name. I am still cautious, you see, although in such a transport. For years, dear Martha, I have known nothing but Fear, and now that Hope has come I scarce know how to entertain him."

Martha Barr endeavored to commit this letter to memory, but failing in that feat, and having burned the envelope, and cut off the address, she took it straight to Maison Tiddliwinks, and placed it in Mr. Simcoe's own hands.

"The poor young lady must be mad," said that gentleman when he had read it.

"No, no," said Martha; "something has greatly excited her, that is all."

"Excited her! When a woman writes to say, 'I want to see an honest lawyer,' I say she must be mad, ma'am. There is, in my opinion, no such anomaly in existence. I should just as soon go down to the sea-shore yonder with the expectation of catching a dry fish. There are clever lawyers, no doubt—too clever by half—and there is a still larger assortment of stupid ones; but as for their honesty— I have had a good deal to do with the law in the way of house-property, and I really can not lend myself, madam, to any such gross deception as you propose."

"But if you don't know of one personally, Mr. Simcoe," argued Martha, "you must surely have heard several highly spoken of?"

"Only when I have heard them speak of themselves," was the resolute reply. The fact was that, during his earlier building speculations, Mr. Simcoe had been very sorely bitten by an attorney, and the wound had never healed. All that Martha could get out of him was the mitigated approval of one Mr. Oakleigh, a City solicitor whom Mr. Simcoe had of late employed in connection with St. Etheldreda's.

"I have never seen the man in my life," said he, "which is, perhaps, so far fortunate for him; but he did not cheat me in the only transaction I have yet had with him; and, what is an undeniable recommendation, he has been but a few years at his trade."

So with Mr. Oakleigh the appointment was made.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It was somewhat strange, even to city ears, to hear in the streets, before April showers had passed away, the familiar June cry of "*Straw-ber-rees! Straw-ber-rees!*" It was scarcely possible to believe that the luscious fruit was in the market so early in the season. But it was true; the strawberry season had commenced, and a long one it will be; for the delicious berries we first enjoy are brought to our city from Virginia. When the supply from Virginia wanes, Maryland will send us some; then comes the Delaware crop. New Jersey steps in after Delaware, with an abundance which essentially cheapens the price of the berries, and brings the genuine "height of the season." There is a still later supply from Northern New York and Connecticut; and as the crop this year promises to be unusually abundant, every body will be likely to luxuriate in this wholesome and fragrant berry. So many improvements have been recently made in the methods of packing and transporting fruit that it is offered in our markets almost as fresh as when first plucked. From Virginia strawberries are brought in vessels built expressly for the trade.

Darwin's "Descent of Man" is popular in Europe. Already five German translations of it have appeared in Germany and Austria.

"Diamondia" is the suggestive name given to a farm on the Vaal River, in South Africa, which seems to be one of the richest fields yet discovered. There are now not far from 1500 diggers working at Diamondia, and paying for a license so to do. The recent discovery of the "Star of Diamondia," a diamond of 107¼ carats weight, and the largest yet found in South Africa, has given a fresh impulse to the work. Nevertheless, the rush of immigrants from England is so great that there is much suffering. Many of these people land at Cape Town with not money enough to pay a week's board, and there is no work for them, as native labor is so cheap.

The grasshoppers which have ravaged Utah for four summers are likely to continue their devastations a fifth. Farmers fear utter ruin.

The orderly portion of the community will be glad to notice that a placard has been posted in the Fourth Avenue cars announcing that drunken and disorderly persons will not be allowed in those cars, and that the conductors *must* enforce this rule.

It is now confidently expected that the Atlantic cables so long disabled will be in working order before the 1st of June. The work of repairing has been undertaken by Captain Halpin, of the *Great Eastern*. A new length of "intermediate cable," of much greater weight than the present deep-sea cable, will have to be joined to the present shore end, so as to cross the rocky ledge sixty-five miles from Heart's Content, where all the mischief has happened by chafing on the rocks in comparatively shoal water.

A Massachusetts paper states that Mrs. Lucretia Mott, who is now drawing near her eightieth year, has lately undertaken to make with her own hands, and present to each of her children, a rag-carpet. As a protest against the too prevailing gray of the Quaker style of ornamentation, Mrs. Mott is making these carpets of bright rags. She entertains a good deal of company, to whom she talks with her accustomed wisdom and vivacity, all the while sewing her rags into the weaver's balls, her busy fingers keeping pace with her fluent tongue. In addition to the innovation of bright colors into Quaker houses, she wants to introduce sweet sounds into Quaker schools, for which purpose she lately made an attempt to carry music into Swathmore Cottage, of which institution she is one of the trustees.

Explorations of an interesting character have been going on for several years in Palestine, under the auspices of an English society established for this purpose. These investigations have been mostly in Jerusalem, and in the vicinity of the site of Solomon's Temple. Amidst many difficulties and dangers have these researches been prosecuted, and they are yet far from completed; but already many doubtful points have been settled, and information of deep interest to scholars and to Christians has been obtained. The old aqueducts, constructed by Solomon and Pontius Pilate, indicate a grand system of water-works, which might yet be turned to the benefit of the inhabitants of Jerusalem if the local authorities were willing. Years ago Miss Burdett Coutts, whose wealth and generosity are well known, desired to carry out a design she had entertained of supplying Jerusalem with pure water, as the people endured great wretchedness from the want of water, or the use of that which was bad. Her plan was to repair the aqueducts. The authorities of Jerusalem, however, would not accept her offer. They were unwilling to favor an arrangement which would benefit Jews and Christians alike, and by which they would lose the opportunity of selling water in times of special scarcity.

Fourteen hundred yards of carpet will be required to cover the floor of the House of Representatives; but the carpet will not be purchased until next fall, as the new floor will not be completed until that time.

The statue of Professor Morse has been made at an expense of $11,000, this amount having been subscribed by the numerous admirers of the great inventor in sums from ten cents upward. The statue will be unveiled on the 24th of this month, that day being the anniversary of the sending of the first message by telegraph in America, twenty-seven years ago.

The New York Eye and Ear Infirmary has just issued its Fiftieth Annual Report. There have been treated during the year 9290 patients; the average attendance was about 120 daily, making the number of visits paid during the year over 36,000. The number of in-door patients has been 415, of whom 203 were at the charge of the infirmary. There have been 655 operations performed to restore sight and relieve deformities and pain. The medical officers give their time and labor to the infirmary without pecuniary recompense. Formerly the institution was open three days in the week for one or two hours. Now it is open daily, and from three to five hours. Diseases of the eye and of the ear were formerly taken promiscuously. The latter class of cases has increased so much as to be organized into a separate department, provided with a distinct staff of surgeons. The whole number actively engaged in the ophthalmic and aural departments is twenty-three, besides a house-surgeon, who lives in the building. In addition there are two consulting surgeons.

An educated convict in the Massachusetts State-prison has suggested that a newspaper be made up by the prisoners, and published in the prison. The outside world would thereby know what they think and feel. The idea is not bad, and such a paper might prove a great reforming power.

Two deaths have recently occurred in this city from the use of hydrate of chloral. However useful this drug may be in certain cases as a medicine, it is too powerful and dangerous an article to be used except by the special prescription of competent physicians.

Some very remarkable cures of paralysis have been effected by the waters of the magnetic springs near Lansing, Michigan. These waters are so powerful, it is said, that a piece of iron or steel put into them at once becomes a strong magnet.

The Bank of France took the precaution to send most of its bullion to its maritime branches, such as Brest, Bordeaux and Toulon, whence it could be sent by sea at any moment to England or any other place where the Germans could not come. In consequence of this precaution the Bank of France still retains as much as £24,000,000 of actual coin and bullion—a larger amount than that of the Bank of England.

In London a bazar was recently held in aid of the funds of the "Temporary Home for Starving Dogs." The Home is spoken of as really an institution worthy of patronage by all who have a heart of sympathy for the lost and hungry Toby or Dash. During the last year 975 dogs had homes provided for them, or were restored to their owners.

Strawberry Plains, Tennessee, has just been the scene of a remarkable wedding. The bride and bridegroom, respectively aged seventy-two and eighty-one, had both been married—the former twice, the latter four times. Their united families had numbered seventeen children, of whom eleven survived, and seven of these, themselves married and the heads of families, were present at the nuptials.

The Turks have always been in the habit of construing literally a command in the Koran equivalent to that which issued from Mount Sinai—"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing," etc.; but the Sultan seems to be taking a more liberal view of that command, and has actually given sittings for a statue of himself to Mr. Fuller, an accomplished sculptor now resident in Florence.

Among the painful incidents of the French civil war was the death of General Besson. He was riding along the high street leading to the Ternes Gate, when he saw an insurgent, who wore the uniform of a marine, taking aim at him from a window. He snatched a Chassepôt from one of the soldiers nearest to him, and said, "I will bring down that scoundrel." But the words were scarcely out of his mouth when the insurgent's shot brought down the general, who fell dead, with a bullet, which went through his lungs. He had returned from captivity in Germany only a few days before.

Three deaths have occurred lately under singular circumstances, induced by sudden shocks to the nervous system. A week or two ago three or four burglars forcibly entered the chamber of a lady in Williamsburg who was sick and alone with her aged mother. They had intended to secrete themselves there, and rob the house at a later hour of the night. The screams of the women caused the invaders to retreat hastily; but in their feeble state of health the excitement and fright completely prostrated both mother and daughter, and they died a few days afterward.

In Auburn, New York, three children were burned to death in consequence of the explosion of a barrel of fire-works in the out-house where they were playing. A lady who visited the scene of disaster was so shocked by the horrible sight that she died that same evening.

Columbia Market, in London, upon which Miss Burdett Coutts has expended about £250,000, has been offered by that lady to the city corporation upon such conditions as will realize her intentions in regard to the poor people of the metropolis.

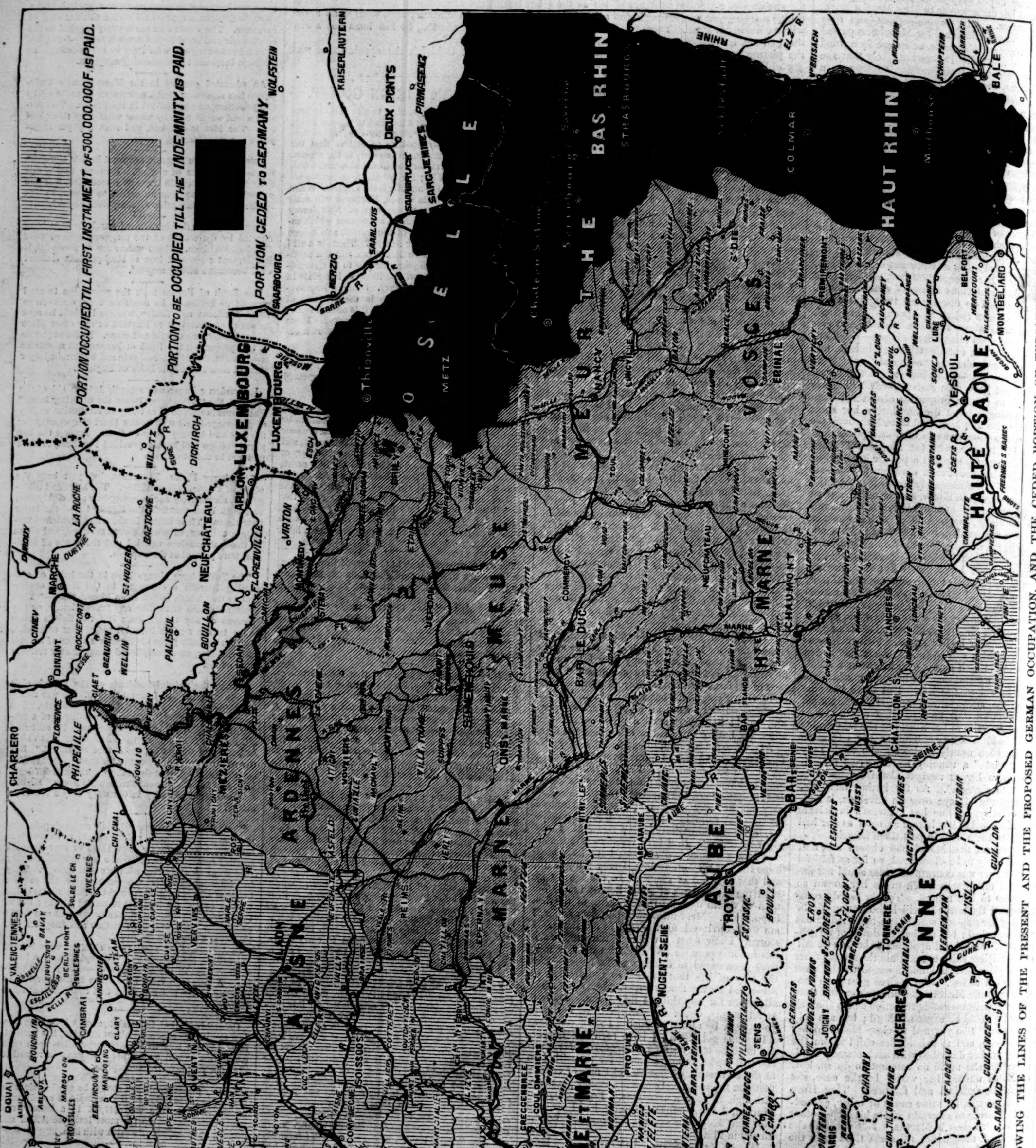
Lottery prizes would not always be so objectionable if every winner followed the example of a California youth, who recently won $11,000 in a lottery, and straightway hunted up his most intimate friend and divided his new-gained wealth with him.

An Englishman of genius, foreseeing that at the present rate of consumption the supply of human hair will soon fail, has secured a patent for manufacturing "human hair from the hair of the goat."

A German engineer has invented a curious machine, by which the velocity of a railroad train may be ascertained at any moment.

When Dr. Rice was at the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince Edward, a parish in Virginia sent to him for a minister. Of course they wanted all the gifts and graces—a scholar, orator, pastor, fine writer, and a perfect gentleman—and all for four hundred dollars a year. Dr. Rice answered by advising them to send to heaven for Dr. Dwight. He was the only such man he knew; and as he had been living a good while on spiritual food, he *might possibly live on four hundred dollars!*

A curious naturalist undertook to watch a spider one day, in order to see how much he could accomplish in the way of eating. About daybreak he went to supply the spider with a fine fly for breakfast, but found the creature already feasting on an earwig. The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly in his web, and then returned to his "first course," which occupied him a couple of hours. After taking a nap he demolished the fly. Later in the forenoon a daddy-long-legs was supplied, which lasted till noon. Then followed a blow-fly for relish. Scores of small green flies termed midges were caught in the web, which the spider finally rolled up together and ate, web and all, with good appetite.



THE NEW MAP OF FRANCE—SHOWING THE LINES OF THE PRESENT AND THE PROPOSED GERMAN OCCUPATION, AND THE CEDED PORTION OF TERRITORY.—[See Page 485.]

WOMEN OF PARIS.

WOMEN OF PARIS.

"PATRIOT women, let us prepare to defend and avenge our brothers," runs a recent proclamation from a meeting of "citizenesses" to the feminine population of Paris. The appeal has not passed unheeded, for numbers of women have shouldered the Chassepôt and gone out to battle—ay, and have fought well too. It is now a frequent thing on the battle-fields round Paris to find the bodies of women, dressed in a semi-masculine attire, who have come out with the Communists, and have been killed by the bullets and shells of the Versaillists. Every Paris revolution has produced its particular class of female patriots, who, ten times more cruel and unreasonable than the men, spur their masculine compatriots on to those unnecessary acts of vengeful cruelty for which the Parisian revolutionists are so notorious. Thus 1792 had its Tricoteuses, 1848 its Vésuviennes, 1870 its Amazones de la Seine, and now 1871 has its Vengereuses, for such is the last name by which these martial women are called. Among them is Madame, or rather Citizeness, EUDES, whose husband, General EUDES, is one of the principal commanders of the Commune, and has recently been named Inspector-General of the insurgent forts. The wife is well worthy of the husband; she is stated to be an excellent markswoman, very brave, and may well be termed the Théroigne de Méricourt of the present time.

Although the ostensible object of these Amazons is to fight, and to pique hesitating and cowardly men into taking up arms, it is whispered that these *patriotes*, like some of their National brethren, have no objection to pillage, and frequently enter and despoil a house under pretext of "patriotism." In truth there is nothing more terrible, either in peace or war, than one of these unsexed women.

The illustration on this page represents a band of these Vengereuses, or female avengers, who, with a high priestess in the middle crowned with the orthodox red cap of Liberty, and bearing the standard of the Commune, are marching along the Boulevards, shrieking the watch-cry, To arms! and intoning the "Marseillaise." Woe to any antagonistic National or unwary non-sympathizer who may incur their displeasure by too openly expressing his disapprobation. The malcontent would be almost safer in the hands of a tribe of red Indians than in the power of these infuriated Paris women.

THE NEW MAP OF FRANCE.

WE this week publish a map of the Northeast of France, which we are sure will be studied with great interest, as it shows the serious loss of territory, and the severe pressure upon her resources by the occupation of still more, which France has incurred by the imprudent challenge she threw out to Germany last July. Using the ancient geographical nomenclature, the ceded districts embrace the whole of Alsace—except Belfort—and a considerable portion of Lorraine, including the ancient free city of Metz. It may perhaps be more convenient, however, to employ the modern designations, and to say that two entire departments (those of the Upper and Lower Rhine, except Belfort in the former), and portions of two others (those of the Meurthe and the Moselle),

cease to belong to France, and have once more become incorporated with Germany, of which they anciently formed a part. Considerable, however, as is the territory ceded, it is but small as compared with that still occupied by the German troops. Beginning on the north, the districts to be held till the whole war indemnity is paid include the Ardennes, the Meuse, the Marne, the Meurthe, and the Vosges; while the departments wholly or partially occupied till the first installment is delivered include the Somme, the Lower Seine, the Aisne, the Oise, and the Seine-et-Marne, thus stretching from the English Channel on the northwest up to the walls of Paris, and on to the new frontier on the northeast. The limits of the cession to Germany are thus defined by Art. 1 of the Preliminaries of Peace:

"France renounces, in favor of the German empire, all her rights and titles over the territories situated to the east of the frontier hereafter designated. The line of demarcation commences at the northwest frontier of the canton of Cattenom, toward the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg; thence follows toward the southwestern frontiers of the canton of Cattenom and Thionville, passes by the canton of Briey, going along the western frontiers of the communes of Montois-la-Montagne and Roncourt, as well as the eastern frontiers of the communes of Marie-aux-Chênes and Habonville; strikes the frontier of the canton of Gorze, which it traverses along the communal frontiers of Vionville, Bussières, and Waville; follows the southwest and southern frontier of the arrondissement of Metz, the western frontier of the arrondissement of Château Salins, as far as the commune of Pettoncourt, until it embraces the western and southern frontiers—to follow the crest of the mountains between the Seille and the Moncel as far as the frontier of the arrondissement of Sarrebourg to the south of La Garde. The demarcation afterward coincides with the frontier of that arrondissement as far as the commune of Tanconville, the front of which it strikes to the north. Thence it follows the crest of the mountains between the sources of the Seille, Blanche, and the Vezouze as far as the frontiers of the canton Schermeck; runs along the western frontier of that canton; embraces the communes of Saales, Bourg, Bruche, Colroy-la-Roche, Plaine, Ranrupt, Saulxures, and St. Blaise-la-Roche, in the canton of Saales, and coincides with the western frontier of the department of the Bas Rhin and of the Haut Rhin as far as the canton of Belfort, the southern frontier of which it quits not far from Vourvenans, to traverse the canton of Delle at the southern bounds of the communes of Burogne and Froide Fontaine, and to strike the Swiss frontier by passing along the southern borders of the communes of Joncherry and Delle.

"The German empire will possess these territories in perpetuity, in all sovereignty and property. An international commission, composed of representatives of the high contracting parties in equal number, will be charged, immediately after the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty, to carry out upon the territory the tracing of the new frontier conformably to the preceding stipulations. This commission will preside over the division of properties, funds, and capitals which hitherto have belonged in common to districts and communes separated by the new frontier."

The chief towns and fortresses added to Germany by this cession are Metz, Thionville, Strasburg, Schlestadt, Neuf Brisach, Phalsbourg, Sarrebourg, Sarrewerden, Lützelstein, Forbach, Bitsche, Haguenau, Weissenburg, and Sarreguemines. The population of Alsace, exceeding one million, consists in the rural districts mostly of German-speaking peasantry, and there are many of German race in the hilly parts of East Lorraine; but the towns-folk are French, nor are there wanting colonies of French settlers in the hamlets of the Vosges Mountains, with Germans close beside them. Alsace, which in German is called Elsass, was formerly part of the ancient German empire, being the principality of the Bishop of Strasburg, from whom it was wrongfully taken by LOUIS XIV. two hundred years ago. Lorraine—or Lothringen, as the Germans call it—was also the territory of an ecclesiastical sovereign, who was a vassal of the German empire, till it was conquered by the French in the reign of CHARLES V. The portion of Lorraine now ceded to Germany, including the city of Metz, has about 360,000 inhabitants.

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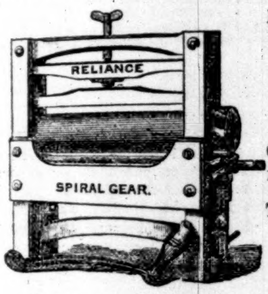

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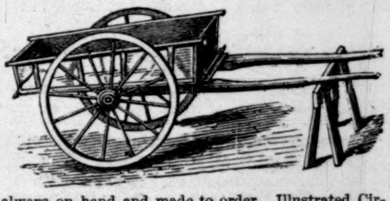

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Great National Loan.

☞ NEW FIVE PER CENT. BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Treasury Department is now able to promise that the registered Certificates of Stock, and a good part of the Coupon Bonds of the New Loan of the United States, bearing Five per cent. Interest, payable quarterly in Gold, will be ready for delivery early in the present month. The Subscriptions to the Loan now amount to $62,000,000, and it is expected that the Subscriptions and Sales will progress more rapidly when the Certificates and Bonds are ready for market abroad as well as at home. The whole sum of Five per Cents offered to the public generally, and to the holders of United States 5-20 Bonds, without qualification, is $200,000,000. When this amount, to which preference is thus given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, $300,000,000, embraced in the New Loan of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, will be offered in connection with $300,000,000 Four and one-half per Cents, and any part of $700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent. Bond, under and pursuant to the New Loan Act of Congress:

FORM OF 5 PER CENT. BOND.

INTEREST | FUNDED LOAN OF 1881 | 5 PER CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF
..............DOLLARS.

THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the refunding of the National Debt," approved July 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved January 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the first day of May, A. D. 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the first day of February, May, August, and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

WASHINGTON, ..., 18....

Entered .... Recorded ....

....

Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The Interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid as conveniently to the holder as on the Coupon Stock, and personal attendance, or attendance by proxy, at the Treasury, to draw and receipt for the Interest will be dispensed with, *whenever the check of the United States Treasurer, mailed punctually to the address and order of each holder, on or before every quarter-day, is preferred to such attendance.* This check, payable in Gold Coin at the Treasury in New York (or such other office as the Stock is registered at), will be negotiable or collectable on the indorsement of the owner or owners of the Stock. In pursuance of this arrangement, the subscribers to, or purchasers of, the Stock in its registered form (which is a complete protection against theft or other losses incident to Coupon Bonds payable to Bearer) are advised to give their Post-office address in full, and to notify of any change in the address between quarter-days.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and, in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are now being reduced by purchase at the rate of $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks,* while the application of the surplus revenues derived in Gold from Customs is constantly lessening, as it has been doing for two years past, the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The 1st of May schedule of the Public Debt, which has just been published by the Secretary of the Treasury, shows a reduction in these Stocks since the April schedule of $12,215,700, and a further lessening of the yearly interest charge thereon of $732,942. This leaves the total yearly interest charge in Gold $111,982,034. In the same month the Treasury paid and canceled $2,470,000 of the Three per Cent. Currency Debt, reducing the whole of this debt bearing interest to $51,023,000, and the yearly interest charge thereon to $1,537,470.

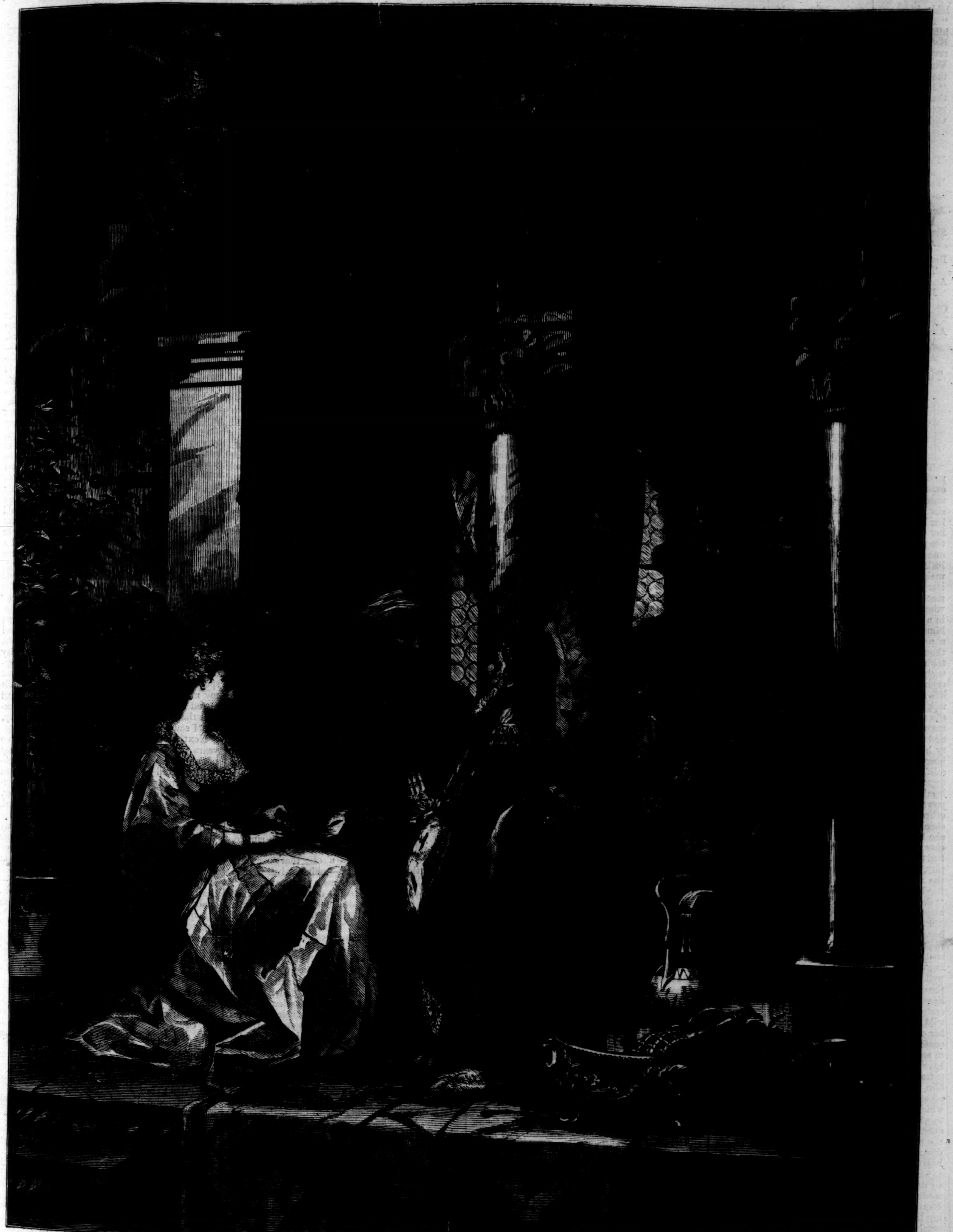
The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding	$23,500,000

The large and rapid accumulation in the last few years of private capital now retired from active business, and of the cash Savings and Life Insurance premiums deposited with or intrusted to the provident institutions of the country—all seeking the most undoubted security, pledged to be kept free of all taxes, under national or local authority, and content, provided this object be assured, with moderate rates of interest—will, no doubt, ultimately absorb so much of these New Stocks as may not be taken in voluntary conversion of United States 5-20's, or marketed abroad.

C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of United States Loan advertising.

TREASURY OFFICE,
NEW YORK, *May* 2, 1871.



OTHELLO NARRATING HIS ADVENTURES AT THE HOUSE OF BRABANTIO.—[FROM A PICTURE BY D. R. KNIGHT.]

OTHELLO.

THE engraving on this page, from a painting by Mr. DANIEL R. KNIGHT, which is attracting much attention at the spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design in this city, represents a scene indicated, though not dramatically presented, by SHAKSPEARE. It is the episode of Othello's "nine moons wasted," when he reposed from war and sat as an honored guest in the house of the senator; it forms a part of what he tells, with inimitable directness and manliness, to the doge and council of Venice, as his love story. We see part of a Venetian building, covered with Byzantine carving, and opening into a court through one of those many-arched windows which often distinguish the house architecture of PALLADIO and SANSOVINO. In such a window, open to the air, are grouped the persons of the drama, Othello, Brabantio, and Desdemona—the first in the act of narration. The three are collected in one division of the arcaded casement, while in another, more in shadow, are the attendants so familiar in Venetian pictures—musicians and refreshments. Othello, in the midst of the first triad, faces the observer. The brave *condottiere*, a type of manly Morocco comeliness, lays out the plan of some battle or disastrous siege; he points with his forefinger, maps out the action, and looks his interlocutor directly in the eye, with the frank, wide gaze of a simple spirit. On his left, in toque and senator's robes, sits Brabantio, lifting his hands with an old man's astonishment; he sits as at a play, and lets the current of wonder and emotion course through his feeble frame, as the stout hero, who has been the original in the story, rehearses it once more as an actor. At his right, like one of the doves of Saint Mark's at refection-time, the young Desdemona has fluttered in and settled—her delicate form involuntarily swaying toward the hero, her eye fixed and dreamy, her head inclined, her fingers absently plucking at a flower. This group sits upon silken carpets, amidst rich curtains, and among the surroundings of opulence and luxury. Flagons, cups, and fruits lie near; while, at hand, a silk-haired page and an olive-skinned musician send the notes of old-time instruments across Othello's tones, and a maid, that might be TITIAN's "Bella," carries in a corbeille of dainties.

The painter of this interesting composition ex-

hibited last year another Italian subject, entitled "The Duenna Asleep." The present picture exhibits a decided advance upon that work. Mr. KNIGHT, though still a young man, has spent several years abroad in close study, chiefly at Venice and Paris. At the latter city he was the pupil of GLEYRE, painter of the well-known "Illusions Perdues" and "The Separation of the Apostles." He is now preparing for another protracted sojourn among the art galleries of the Old World.

OVER.

'Twas Spring that danced along the hills,
And sung her old songs over;
'Twas Spring that touched the sleeping rills,
And spread the fields with clover.

Across earth's bosom, brown and bare,
Her robe of beauty flinging,
She hung her jewels every where,
And set her choirs to singing.

But in my heart 'tis winter still,
Though fields are thick with clover,
And merry birds their music trill—
My sweetest songs are over!

Oh, leave me not alone in gloom!
Shine through this mist of sorrow,
And let the fields of Memory bloom
With flowers of Hope to-morrow!

TODHUNTERS' AT LOANIN' HEAD.

By ELIZA LYNN LINTON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

PERSEUS.

TERRIFIED lest Aunt Mattie should return and push her for a second time into a corner—terrified even of poor Mark for all his reverend love and unselfish devotion—Laura profited by the diversion of Hornie's being like to die, and, putting on her hat, went out to the moor to try and think out her position, and see how she could best escape the pitfall she had dug for herself. She felt like one of the pictures of Andromeda she had seen a little while before leaving London: a beautiful maiden bound to a rock, with an awful sea monster approaching to devour. Only that the monster was a handsome, noble-hearted landsman, whose crime was in wearing fustian and speaking in a provincial dialect—whose folly was in letting himself be seduced by fascinating manners and a pretty little face. So she wandered, full of thought and fear, across the long brown moor, taking instinctively the direction of the city—where, if she could only be! she thought, almost crying. If only she could escape this horrible life at Loanin' Head, where she could not even talk a little pleasantly to a boor like Mark, but she must be taken to task and asked what she meant, and made to feel that she was very wrong and very wicked if she did not marry him. Marry him, indeed! she would die first! And yet how handsome he was—and how good! What a life! what people! what a dreadful position altogether! And to be in their hands as she was, legally under their control, without money, or power, or any thing else, and all to go on for another two years—interminable years—before she should be of age and her own mistress! Well, she knew that she should die under it—she was sure of that—and then they would be sorry they had treated her so badly. And overcome by self-pity, the girl sat down on a stone by the side of the rough cart-way and burst into a hysterical flood of tears. As Mattie used to say of her, "she was a rare hand at greetin;" and had an ample supply of tears for all occasions.

Presently the wind brought her the sound of a horse's hoofs cantering briskly along the hard road. There was something in the sound that spoke of hope—and a gentleman. The lumbering thud of the ordinary cart-horse she knew too well; for how many times had she not listened to those deceptive hoofs, and thought, perhaps, a deliverer in the person of a lover—or, more concretely, Captain Dormer—was coming over the wild waste to free her from her bonds and carry her off into security and the world? Yes, Laura confessed it honestly to herself at least, she longed to see a "gentleman" again; and she would not have made many objections had one of the right pattern asked her then and there to elope with him, and leave Mark and Loanin' Head, and the pit she had digged for herself, and the bonds into which she had thrust her own limbs, and the tow to which she had set fire, all in the background, once and forever. But no one came; and yet she was sure that this was not to be one of the disappointments she had learned so sorrowfully by heart! Crisp, light, well-trained, the sound came to her like the most harmonious music; and hastily drying her eyes, she posed herself in a sweet, modest, graceful attitude, thinking of herself as Faust's Gretchen, and hoping she might be looking the character to perfection, as she plucked the petals from a daisy one by one, and made believe to pluck them for a purpose, and to say "he loves me; he loves me not"—according to orthodox tradition. She said nothing of the kind, but looks go a long way.

So intent was she on her pretty little pastime, she did not notice that a sleek brown horse, with a smart, dapper rider on its back, was coming nearer and nearer—no, not until the creature was close upon her; and then she started up with a shy and startled glance, and an attitude as of a fawn at gaze, before flying like the wind from the face of danger.

"Captain Dormer!" "Miss Calhoun!" they both cried together; and the captain, reining up so suddenly that his horse was nearly thrown backward, sprang from the saddle, holding her by both hands as fervently as if she had been his acknowledged lover.

He was taken by surprise; so was she. She had not thought of him to-day when she heard the well-trained beat of the hoofs along the road, and her delight at his sudden appearance was in proportion to her surprise.

"Oh, Captain Dormer! is it really you? Oh, how glad I am!" she said, almost clinging to his hand. And then she began to cry again.

"Miss Calhoun! Laura!" said the captain, really distressed at the sight of *her* distress. He was a good-natured little man, if shallow, and he hated tears. "Now sit down, and tell me all about it," he then said, very kindly. "Where are you living? I mean, where is this place of yours, Loanin' Head? And what kind of people are your relations, and how do they treat you?"

"Oh, they are dreadful!" sobbed Laura.

"Dreadful? How? Are they cross to you?"

"Yes, very," she said, piteously. "They keep me quite a prisoner, and I am miserable. You must not come near the place, Captain Dormer."

"Why not?" he laughed. "Would they kill me?"

"I don't know what they would not do to you—and me," she added; thinking that perhaps the prospect of a little danger might not deter him, if he was very much in love with her—but if it got *her* into a scrape! Would not his gallantry find that a sufficient barrier? Whatever the means, she must keep him away from Loanin' Head; and Laura Calhoun was by no means a young lady scrupulous about means.

"Poor little thing!" he said, with a great deal of misplaced compassion. "We must get her out of this, anyhow. But what a set of brutes! I can not understand any one treating *you* ill."

"Oh, you should have heard my aunt scold me to-day," said Laura. "She has a great horrid son that she wants me to marry. He has been making love to me ever since I went there; and of course it would be a very nice thing for them if I would marry him, you know, because then they would get all my money."

"What wretches!" ejaculated the gallant captain. "I hope, though, you have too much sense and spirit to be made to do that, Laura?" The "Laura" came in very naturally this time. "I have always been afraid that your money would be a bait to mercenary hounds like that, who could not appreciate your dear little self, but who would want your fortune for their own purposes."

"Yes," said Laura, with the sweetest, simplest manner in the world; "and I shall have a very good income, indeed, when I am of age."

"I am exceedingly glad to hear it," was the reply, made with fervor.

"About a thousand a year, I believe," she said.

If she had said a few pounds under that sum was her sole capital, she would have about hit the mark.

"What a good thing for you!" said Captain Dormer; and on the strength of its being a congratulatory proceeding, he again took her hand and pressed it; and Laura thought how nice it was to have her hand taken by one in a well-fitting, clean glove—not like Cousin Mark's, hard and rough, and with signs of toil never wholly effaced. How delightful, too, to hear an educated voice, with a well-bred accent, and to be in the company of a gentleman!

She never knew that she loved Captain Dormer so much as she felt she loved him to-day. And oh, if he would only run away with her and marry her! If he would just take her behind him on his horse now and ride with her into Carlisle, she would not mind what the people thought, or how they stared. To think that she must go back to that horrid place and Cousin Mark, after having been with him! What could she do to make him see it as his duty to take her away?

All these thoughts passed through her mind as she sat on the stone for a good hour longer, and gave him a fancy sketch of her position—really quite a pathetic sketch, and very well done, from an artistic point of view. Looked at morally, it would have perhaps been more commendable if it had been true. Such as it was, however—with the thousand a year as a make-weight—it inspired Captain Dormer with the most ardent desire to be the Perseus to her Andromeda, and to rescue her and her fortune from the devouring jaws of Cousin Mark and the machinations of that artful, scheming, and dreadful old Aunt Mattie. Rashly, perhaps, considering he had only her word for it, yet carried out of himself by the sight of her beauty—she was looking so lovely!—and her distress, and determined by the chance of losing her, Captain Dormer went much farther than he had the slightest intention of doing when he set out from Carlisle in the morning, and, before Laura had turned her light steps homeward, had made and received the most ardent confession and protestations of love—of an attachment dating as far back, on both sides, as to first acquaintance, of thoughts that had never wandered in either, of love that would never grow old or cold, or cross or stupid, of constancy that would last through life, of sublimated passion at high-pressure forever. And so they parted—engaged; but at Laura's vehement, almost agonized entreaty, engaged in secret, to be married in secret—a runaway match, next week; before those dreadful relations of hers should even suspect that she had a lover to see that she was not ill-treated and forced into a union so hateful, so impossible as this with Cousin Mark; which old Aunt Mattie was urging for her own part, and Cousin Mark insisting on with almost brutal fervor for his.

"For my cousin Mark is the most dreadful creature you can imagine, Captain Dormer; and as for Aunt Mattie, she is too awful! Such a temper! So miserably mean and stingy! She is very rich indeed—very; and she looks like an old char-woman—I declare she does! Oh, if I could but get away from them!"

"So you shall, dear! You little trembling doubter! Trust yourself to me, and I will defend you with my life!"

"You dear!" said Laura, nestling against his arm, and putting up her face.

But it was now time for her to go back to the house—she would not call it home, she said, with a scornful little toss of her head. So they parted, with a promise to meet again this day next week, when they would part no more; for then the law would give him the right to protect her, and put it out of the power of Mark the monster to devour her and her thousand per annum.

And while she had been making love to Captain Dormer on the moor, Mark and his mother, having tended Hornie in her bad time and brought her through, had their first loud, serious quarrel, all about Cousin Lowra; wherein Mark had so far forgotten himself that, exasperated by something more than usually severe which Mattie said, he raised his hand; but bethought himself just in time, and did not strike her.

Poor Mattie! she gave in at once and forever when she saw that uplifted hand. Her heart was broken—she said—let it break! Her favorite, her darling, had all but struck her, for her very love for him, and because she could see that the young jade was playing him false, and that naught but sorrow would come of it! Let it go. She washed her hands of it altogether; she had done her duty, and now he must manage for himself. So, broken, bowed, dispirited, poor Mattie went sadly forward to her work; and Mark, feeling as he never felt before, as if possessed by a devil, yet haunted by an angel—strode out of the house, and away to the moor, where he had an instinct Miss Lowra had gone. And where he met her, not an instant too late for her safety; for Captain Dormer had not long left her, and she had only just come to that part of the road which turned back upon itself, as it were, while the broad expanse of moor was lost behind a furze-covered mound.

But when Laura saw her monster striding toward her in his working-dress, strong, rustic, beautiful, and uncouth, her heart died within her, and she thought if the earth would but open and swallow her up, how grateful for the shelter she would be. As it was, she put on a sweet, smiling face, and made believe to look glad, with the blind instinct only that she must keep them in good-humor at Loanin' Head, and not refuse the most preposterous thing that might be asked of her to do till this day week, when Jock of Hazeldean was to be enacted for their benefit.

"I'se glad I'se met ye," said Mark, anxiously. "Divn't ye care what mither says till ye, my dear. She's as gude a woman as iver stepped in shoe-leather, is mither; but she divn't ken a' things, and she carries on a' times as she suldn't. But divn't ye mind; ye's do as ye will, an ye'll do reet."

"You spoil me, Cousin Mark," said Laura.

"Nay! nay! But ye do love me, Miss Lowra?" he cried, suddenly. "I could bide a' things o' this warld an t' neest, if ye can say wid yer haill heart, Mark, lad, I love thee!"

"Mark, lad, I love you!" said Laura, laughing. "Will that satisfy you, you foolish boy?"

"An' ye'll be my wife—ye'll be my ain lile wife?" Mark continued.

"You had better not ask me that, Mark! I should make but a bad wife for you, as auntie knows," said Laura, with a horrible fear lest Captain Dormer should be listening.

Big tears of love, of gratitude, of overwrought feeling, stood in Mark's eyes. "It's me as isn't fit for ye, Miss Lowra!" he said, in his simple, honest way, poor fellow. "But if love, an'—nay, worship—'ll mak up for a' else that's wantin', ye'll hev that, my darling!—mair nor iver woman hed. Eh, but ye've made me a glad man to-day! It's maist as if I was some one else nor mysel. I feel as it I couldna dee, nor let owt hurt me. Nay, Lowra! divn't turn thee face away! Thou's nae call to be shamed, my lass—my bonny leddy lass! Thou's said thou loves me, an' that thou'lt marry me, an' why shouldn't thee look at me, my darling? Eh! but gie me ane sweet kiss—ane, of thine ain free will, as thou gav'st me in Leddy Coppy sae long ago!"

"You are too good for me, Mark!" said Laura, with a sudden spasm of conscience. But she kissed his yearning face nevertheless, and let him hold her in his arms as his engaged wife, with Jock of Hazeldean looming in the near future, only one short week distant!

Thus they went to the house; Mark holding the small, white, dainty hand in his—how that roughened tan of his contrasted with her white and dainty flesh!—and, so walking, they came to Mattie, feeding her geese by the back-door; and Mark, as it were, giving her to his mother, said, huskily, "Tak her, mither, she's yer ain noo, and bless her an' me!"

"The Lord bless ye, my bairns!" was the old woman's solemn reply, as she wiped the tears from her face. "An' Mark, lad, let a' that's gone afore to-day be forgot as if 't had niver been."

"I'se sorry, mither," said Mark; "but I knowed, an' ye didn't."

"Amen!" said Mattie. "An' noo, lass, ye'se my ain, an' I'se tak ye for my daughter with a reet gude heart; an' may ye baith be happy, and niver rue this day's wark! Truth an' love mak t' warld a bonny place; an sae lang as ye hev baith o' these, ye hev a blessing in yersels. Ye mind me, Lowra! ye'll find afore ye dee that yer aunt has said truth in this, if she's leed a' her life beside!"

"What a funny thing!" thought Laura. "Engaged to two men at once, and both so much in love with me! What a row there will be here when they find I have gone!"

But she said nothing of all this. She only kissed her aunt tenderly, and included Isabella as well, and smiled coyly at Mark as she did so; while he was just clean daft over her, as Isabella said to Phœbe Greystoke—carrying sorrow there, at all events, if only joy reigned at Loanin' Head.

CROSS PURPOSES.

THERE never was a prettier homestead in all New England than that in which my story opens. The view from our parlor window was worth coming many a mile to see. There are on either side gently sloping mountains covered with verdure, save where gray patches of lichen-covered granite show. A little water-fall leaps headlong to the plain, and the stream wanders on, a thread of glancing silver, until seen no more in the green distance. Nearer is a garden full of color and fragrance, where are winding walks all overhung with roses. A bordered lawn, whose grass was left to grow, spangled with daisies. Within that cozy parlor, just five years ago, we all of us were sitting at the evening-time: my mother, the shadow of a once stately girl, my father, old and feeble too, and Margaret, besides myself. Fair and tall she was, with the pure and delicate tints upon her face that none but American girls possess; hair like spun gold; blue eyes full of merriment and love. But there is little use in describing her, for some ideal form that existed in the reader's mind before will rise before him or her, use what words I will. She was an orphan, and had lived with us these many years—the "daughter of the house"—and she and I had been as sister and brother long as I could remember. Of late the even current of our lives had been disturbed, however, by growing anxiety arising from the increasing infirmities of my parents. The future of us two young people was fair enough in many respects, so far as we could see; but while I could battle with the world, and meant to do it bravely, she would be alone when those who had been all the world to her should have passed away. And thus upon this evening when my story opens thoughts, only half revealed as yet by any of us, took shape, and were uttered at last. What those thoughts were may easily be guessed. With many tender words father and mother both, saying that they knew Margaret and I already loved each other well, fervently hoped that she and I should make life's journey hand in hand—that as a husband mine would be the right to shield and guide her always. But there was no pledge asked. There was time enough. At least we were both young, and a few years—it might be very few—but still there was time enough. Only let them, said they, be happy in the knowledge that we two would never part, and when those years were over there would be peace in the hearts of two old people. I took Margaret's hand, as she sat on a low stool at my mother's knee, hiding her face and softly weeping, and told her that so long as I had life and strength they would be for her; and if she loved me well enough to be my wife, some day I should ask her; "for," said I, "it is my dearest hope to call you mine." Margaret did not speak a word, but pressed my hand a little, while my mother bent down to her shining hair and kissed it gently. We were soon calm again, except that when lights came Margaret fled away, and I saw her no more that night.

Next day I went back to college, and for two years was little at home. The current of my life and of the others' flowed on evenly. Nothing was said of the tacit engagement between my cousin and myself, except some faint allusions to it now and then, but not from her. Once or twice during visits I was going to speak of it, but she seemed instinctively to guess my purpose and avoided me for the time. Certainly we did not seem like lovers, though I loved her more and more; and yet we were no longer on the footing of earlier years. Not that there was embarrassment between us, or, if there was, she did not feel it. We belonged to each other—that much was settled. We had promised virtually (I definitely) that we would marry—so much was well understood. With her the subject seemed put aside as past discussion; and her aspect was that of one who, having learned her destiny, accepted it without question and without emotion. Whether she ever looked forward to our union or not I did not know. It was a strange courtship altogether.

At length there came a period in my life when, like other young Americans, I thought a little foreign travel would put the finishing touches to my education. I consulted my father about it first, and then my mother. Both were willing that I should go, though not for long. Their health had been more robust of late, or rather less feeble, and they were not selfish enough, so they said, to stand in the way of what might be of service to me.

"But," said they, "what does Margaret think about it?"

"I have not even hinted at my wish as yet."

"Then do so at once. Her feelings in the matter must—ought to—weigh with you as much as ours, or even more."

That same evening I asked her to walk with me a while: no strange request, but one which seemed to startle her. But she quietly put on her hat, and we went out together. How well I remember that walk! We passed out from our garden gate, and wandered on through the little valley, where autumn-strewed leaves lay, deep and rustling, at our feet, and the glorious sunset flashed back from a hundred different hues of still thickly covered trees. We talked indifferently at first of many things, and by degrees her mind seemed re-assured, while I was more and more puzzled to begin the task before me. Yet it was easy enough, as I soon found. She uttered no wish upon the subject, but, on the contrary, hoped that I would stay long enough to become accustomed to European life a little; and that was all. And when I began upon the topic nearest to my heart she stopped me at once, saying that there would be time enough for that upon my return.

I pass over the events of my journey, and merely note that, without unusual incidents, I

found myself at Paris. I was to pitch my tent there for a time, and chance and my own inclination were to determine the future course of my travel. So far as Paris was concerned, my introductions gave me guides and company, and before three days I was an invited guest of Victor de Brissolles, whose family were absent from the city for a week or two. He was and is a young man of many charming and estimable qualities—brave, sincere, honorable, and withal very handsome. We soon became inseparable, and knew each other's secrets. My engagement to Margaret was talked of between us more than once. And thus the time passed, and I began to think of crossing into Italy, only waiting to become acquainted with Victor's family, now expected every day.

Victor's family! I ought to have said his sister Adele—his "Little Pearl," his "Little White Rose," as he called her. Oh, she was beautiful! How can I tell it! We were introduced, and all was changed from that time forth. There came a new existence for me. Yes, another life seemed to have rushed into mine; and as I was once, so was I not now, nor would be evermore. I suppose there is a destiny in all this. I felt it to be so. I had been "in love" before this moment of transmutation, which condition of being in love I now on the instant found to be delusion. I did love Margaret very dearly, no doubt, and not now less than when I bade her good-by in the old house at home. But here was something different. Of course I soon became upon intimate terms with M. De Brissolles and his wife—a noble pair, and handsome still, with a little hauteur of manner, but kind as kind could be; and when, a day or two after my introduction to them, they begged me to postpone my further journey, I had no word but thanks. I staid with them for weeks, and day by day the image of Adele was always with me, while she had learned to blush when our eyes met, or tremble when her hand at times rested a moment in mine. Did others know this of us? I wondered. Yes; it appeared so. One day Victor and I were walking alone along one of the quays of the Seine, and, contrary to his usual habit, had been for some time silent. Presently we turned to retrace our steps, and wheeling simultaneously, were for the moment face to face. I knew that he was about to speak of her, and for an instant my heart stood still.

"My friend," said he, with great gentleness, but very gravely, "when shall you depart for Italy? Soon the season will be over for that Alpine travel which thou desirest so much."

"I have not thought of it lately."

"Nevertheless, think of it now. I will be your companion. By-the-way, thou shalt once more tell me of thy American home, of monsieur thy good father, and madame the mother who is dear to thee, and yet another—shall I pronounce her name?"

"I have not forgotten it, Victor—alas! that it is too much absent from my thoughts already."

"Yet she is thy betrothed—thy fiancée? Yet thou art an honorable man?"

"Even so. The first is true; of the second I know not."

"But I know. Thou hast letters from her, doubtless?"

"Sometimes, but very seldom. A few cold words are all that they contain."

"But still she is beloved of thee?"

His words troubled me exceedingly, and he saw it. He placed his arm fondly on my shoulder: "Abner, I have known it all. But it must never be. Thou art pledged to Margaret; thy honor is involved in faith to her. Look you: we, Adele and I, have honor too. No broken promise, no broken troth, must cast its shadow over her fame or mine. I would rather she were in her grave; and for me, dear as you are to me, my friend, I would renounce you even at the sword's point."

"Did he bid you say this? I have never spoken to her of love, Victor; but if I did, I would take dismissal from no lips but hers. But it will never be needed. I will fulfill my engagement to Margaret. She shall not know how false I have been to her memory, poor girl. I can not give her a free heart, an entire love, but I will do my duty both to her and to myself. Speak no more of this, Victor. We will be to-morrow *en route*. I thank you that you have recalled me to myself; and I will try, if I can not forget, at least not to occupy myself with vain regrets."

Victor wrung my hand. "I knew it well," he said, "for I know thee." And we went home somewhat sadly, though each had satisfied his honor.

Oh, weary night! when the brain refuses to rest, and for the senses there is no oblivion; when all the past seems to rise up out of the darkness, and there goes on an agony of thought, a miserable recollection of what might have been, and was not—of happiness missed, of opportunities lost forever. As I lay broad awake that night I was about as wretched a creature as is to be found from Maine to Texas, which is saying a good deal. I had, in good faith and with honest purpose, promised my parents that I would marry their ward, my cousin. I had loved her, too, and told her so. If there were to be any meaning in such pledges as I had given, I should be the meanest dastard upon earth if I withdrew from them. Behind all this was the misery—nay, the ruin—that I should bring on the dwellers in what we used to call the happy valley. If I were false, nothing but contempt from her, despair for them, could come of it. And I had been, was, false. Another had taken the place that Margaret alone had held. I had no love but for Adele. To marry any but Adele would be an acted lie.

And yet the lie must be acted; the treason must be wrought out; I must fulfill my promise. There was no escape save by dishonor, and that kind of escape I felt, mad even as I was, I could not, would not, use. No, rather death itself. But then there were two kinds of dishonor. If I married without love, was not that as deep an injury to my wife as could be inflicted?—a home without love, a bondage endured, a heart ever disloyal, were these the fulfillment of the pledge I had made? Should I not rather be an impostor, a cheat, who offered to a noble, trusting woman a forgery, a counterfeit? God help me, for it was hard to bear, hard to think of, even.

So rolled the watches of the night away. The pain that racked me, heart and brain, was never still. Adele! Adele! why did I ever see your face? Why did your glorious eyes have smiles for me? Oh, Margaret, would that I had never left your side! would that you looked upon my agony to-night and showed to me the righteous way! So thinking, I could bear it no longer. Any thing was better than this. I must go home—must fly a presence that was a delight, but a terror also. And I carried my resolve into execution. Feigning excuses, I bade them all farewell—how I parted with Adele without betraying myself I can not tell—and before three days had taken passage for home once more.

They were all much startled by my sudden and unexpected appearance. I explained by saying that my health had suffered, and indeed my looks verified the assertion. "But I am very glad to have you back," said my father. "Maggie, too, has missed you sadly, and has been less and less like her cheerful self. I think we were all getting into a bad way, were we not, birdie?" We were not overjoyous that first evening of my return. My mother seemed oppressed with some care of which I knew nothing, and my cousin sat very silently by her side, the fire-light glancing brightly upon her golden hair. It was a relief when the servant ushered in Mr. Hamlyn, the rector of our little church, and who had been installed just before I had set out upon my travels. He was a thoroughly genial man. With his prompting, I found myself able to tell some of my experiences abroad. He had also visited Paris, and was thus able, by references to particular localities and persons, to recall circumstances to my mind which otherwise I should have forgotten. But with all his versatile conversation the evening was dull, and we went to bed, all of us, as if we were to be executed on the morrow. As for Margaret, the meeting between us was very constrained and awkward. She had, on my first entrance, suffered me to kiss her, but if she returned the salute at all it was so distantly as to have no affection in it. The fault was mine, of course, however. I had a secret—a guilty secret; and she read enough of my face to know it. Very likely, too, my manner—though I strove that it should be otherwise—indicated some change which, though not understood, was yet inimical to her peace.

And time sped on gloomily enough. I knew with a grim despair that Margaret was to be mine. There was no sort of romance about it, no doubt about it, no joy about it. When I went away she had been passive, I eager and fond. Now she was passive still, only that her eyes often looked weary and her face pale, and her step was less elastic than of old, while I was changed from the eager lover into nothing more than a studiously polite bridegroom elect, without any apparent interest or thought or gladness concerning what to men usually is looked forward to as the consummation of their dearest, fondest hopes. Me a lover, and a lover without a spark of visible emotion. We were a strange couple in the opinion of our friends, no doubt—unless, indeed, we were not so closely watched by them as by each other. I had no thought of turning back; if she had, she did not show it. We had definitely arranged our future, and there was an end of it. I had written to Victor, with apologies to his sister and the rest—*he* knew why I had fled without my telling him, and no apology to him was needed. I told him, too, that in the spring there would be an end of my youth, and that the one disloyalty to her who was to call me husband was over. In reply he told me that Adele was gone to Baden with some friends. Her health was good; but in their mutual confidences she had owned to having suffered by my abrupt departure, but that she would pray that I and my wife would be happy in each other's love.

So on went the days, and the day of days—to most young men and women, but not to us—was at hand. A month, a week, and at length to-morrow would be the end of it. To-morrow I would be "Benedick the married man." A few words spoken, a signature, a little feast, and then farewell all dreams of joy, of bliss. I did not see Margaret that day. She was too ill and agitated. Poor girl! I pitied her even more than myself, though one circumstance, which I shall come to presently, was utterly unknown to me. John Hamlyn should perform the ceremony in due course of his parish duty, but had declined, preferring that another clergyman should officiate. He would be present, however. He said that he could not refuse so much to a young lady whom he esteemed above all others, and a friend—that was me—for whom he wished every happiness that this world could bestow.

I asked to see my mother before retiring that night, and she came to me. She had been weeping, I am sure. I asked her for her blessing, and she gave it me. "And how is Margaret?" said I. "Somewhat nervous and out of spirits," replied my mother, looking anxiously at me. The words were on my tongue that might have broken off the marriage even then; but I would not say them. I would not bring a sorrow, such as those words would bring, upon the dear old lady who stood before me. "Give my love to her," I said. "May her dreams be pleasant, and to-morrow make her happy!"

And now uprose the golden sun, flashing over hill and dale, brown rock and shining streamlet. How bright and beautiful were all things! And alas! how beautiful was she! Yes; but pale as any lily, and drooping as the lily droops beneath an angry cloud. What mattered that! it was her fate and mine that waited its accomplishment. There were friends there, many and warm, as the world goes. There were fair girls all wreathed in tearful smiles, and men with noisy congratulations, uttered with much awkwardness. There were father and mother, anxious, but trying to look glad. Did they, like me, see in it all a sacrifice? But soon a rustle of many feet and of silken robes told that the hour had come. The rector of the next parish—Dr. Holcomb—was ready. Our own rector was standing near him. And then came the moment for placing bride and bridegroom in ceremonial form. We stood up, side by side, and as we did so our eyes met. On the instant Margaret suddenly reeled, and would have fallen but that Mr. Hamlyn, quicker than I, caught her in his arms.

I need not describe the confusion that followed. A few privileged friends left the room with her, and the remaining guests waited silently, dreading they knew not what. At last the door opened, and my father, trembling with agitation, beckoned me, and I went to where she was. She lay within my mother's arms, weeping—oh! such dreary weeping! such passionate tears!—as if her heart were breaking.

There was no marriage that day, nor for many days. Nor was she now ever to be my wife, for she owed her heart's allegiance to another, and she paid the debt. Like me, she had intended to be a martyr, out of love for those to whom she owed so much. The only difference between us was that, while her strength failed her, mine stood firm. A few words more and I have done. Again the wedding-party assembled—with a difference. I was best man now, and our rector groom elect. No faintings now, no sorrow. As the words ended that made him a happy man and her a happy woman, I folded her to my heart with a peaceful joy I never felt before, and whispering "sister darling," blessed her from my soul. As the recollection of that day passes, another picture comes beaming into memory. It is of a Paris home interior, where a girl with dark, swimming eyes gazes upon the face of one who is kneeling at her feet. As he looks up with passionate love he can scarcely speak the words, "Can you forgive and love me still?" Lower and lower she bends her shining head, as with a rosy blush she whispers, "Both."

MATRIMONIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

In olden days June was held the most propitious month in the twelve for marriage—a happy result being rendered doubly certain if the ceremony was timed so as to take place at the full moon, or when the sun and moon were in conjunction. That unimpeachable authority, the registrar-general, tells us that May is in these later days a favorite marrying month in England, so that one matrimonial superstition has gone the way all such fancies are doomed, sooner or later, to go; for May used to be as much avoided by persons about to marry as June was favored, that merry month being supposed to be specially under the influence of malignant spirits delighting in domestic discord. "The girls are all stark naught that wed in May," is the verdict of one old saw; another declares—

From the marriages in May,
All the bairns die and decay;

a third pronounces, "Who marries between the sickle and the scythe will never thrive;" while a poet, complimenting the month at the expense of what should be the ruling passion in marriage-minded folks, sings:

May never was the month of Love,
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April, wet by kind,
For Love is full of showers!

In times gone by, candidates for connubiality in England were obliged to study times and seasons. The Church would not allow them to marry just when they felt inclined. "Marriage," says the register of Norton, "comes in on the 13th of January, and at Septuagesima Sunday it is out again until Low Sunday, at which time it comes in again, and goes not out till Rogation Sunday; thence it is forbidden until Trinity Sunday; from thence it is unforbidden till Advent Sunday, and comes not in again until the 13th of January." That those concerned might better remember the rules, somebody put them into rhyme, running thus:

Advent marriage doth deny,
But Hilary gives thee liberty;
Septuagesima says thee nay;
Eight days from Easter says you may;
Rogation bids thee to contain,
But Trinity sets thee free again.

It was considered improper to marry upon Innocents' day, because it commemorated the slaughter of the children by Herod; and it was equally wrong to wed upon St. Joseph's day. In fact, the whole season of Lent was declared sacred from the intrusion of Hymen's devotees. "Marry in Lent, and you'll repent!" and there are good people still who, if they do not believe that bit of proverbial wisdom to be prophetic, undoubtedly think Lenten wedders deserve to find it so.

Young ladies should abstain from listening to any one whose surname begins with the same letter as their own:

To change the name and not the letter,
Is a change for the worse, and not for the better;

and they would do well to take the precaution of placing their initials in conjunction with those of any admirer they incline to favor, and ask, like Malvolio, "What should that alphabetical position portend?" for if, of the united initials, any word can be formed, they may be certain the owners of them will never be happy together.

It is an unhappy omen for a wedding to be put off when the day has once been fixed. In Sweden it is believed much harm will ensue if a bridegroom stands at the junction of cross-roads, or beside a closed gate, upon his wedding-morn. It is a bad sign if the bride fails to shed tears on the happy day, or if she indulges herself by taking a last admiring glance at the looking-glass after her toilet is completed; but she may gratify her vanity without danger if she leaves one hand ungloved until beyond temptation. To meet a priest, dog, cat, lizard, or serpent on the way to church—to look back, or to mount many steps before gaining the church door, are alike ominous of future unhappiness; and, according to north-country notions, it is courting misfortune to marry in green, or while there is an open grave in the church-yard, or to go in at one door and out at another. The weather, too, has a good or bad influence upon affairs; happy is the bride the sun shines on, and, of course, the converse is equally true. Chamberlain, writing to his friend Carleton in 1603, tells him how the wedding of their mutual acquaintance, Mr. Winwood, was celebrated to an accompaniment of thunder, lightning, and rain that was ominous enough to have startled a superstitious man, which, luckily, Winwood was not; so "he turned all to the best," like a loving groom and a wise man. Evil portents may scare the happy pair even after the knot has been tied. "When the bride-maids undress the bride," says Misson, describing the marriage merriments of England, "they must throw away and lose all the pins. Woe to the bride if a single one be left about her; nothing will go right! Woe, also, to the bride-maids if they keep one of them, for they will not be married before Whitsuntide, or till the Easter following, at soonest!" Where the Scottish custom is followed of the newly-wedded couple being welcomed home by the husband's mother meeting them at the door and breaking a currant bun over the head of the bride before her foot crosses the threshold, it is thought a very bad omen if the bun be by any mistake broken over any head but that to which the honor is due. If a bridal party ventures off dry land, they must go up stream; should they be fool-hardy enough to go down the water, either the bride, the bridegroom, or one of the bride-maids will infallibly feed the fishes.

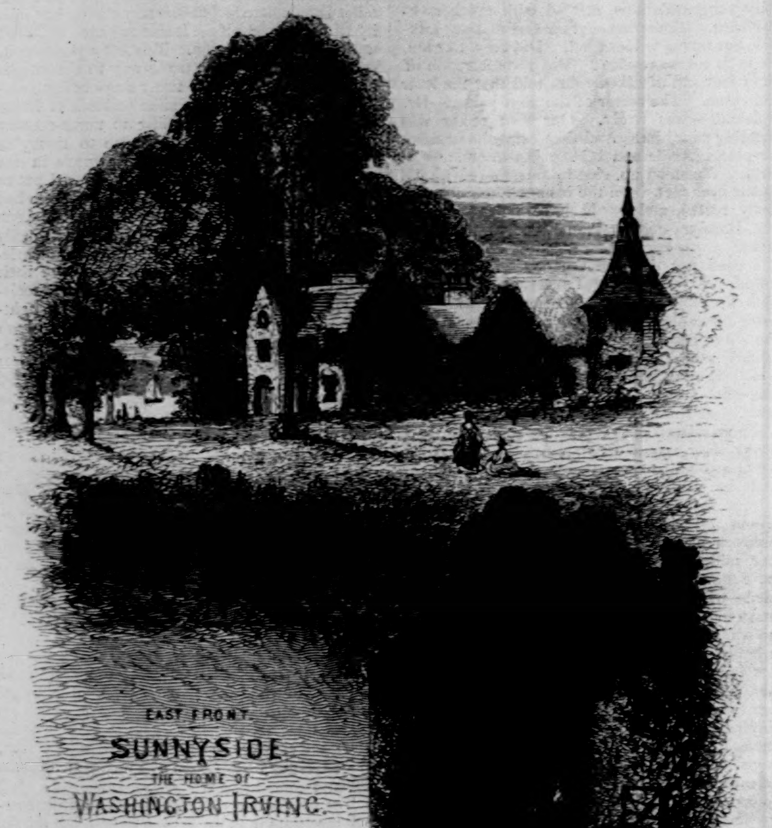
The only omens we know of tending to encourage adventurers in the great lottery of life are the meeting of a wolf, spider, or toad on the way to church, and a cat sneezing within the bride's hearing the day before the wedding; but, fortunately, there are many ways of insuring happy fortune. In the Highlands of Scotland the malicious influence of warlocks and witches used to be kept at bay by preventing any unlucky dog passing between the couple on their road to church, and by taking care the bridegroom's left shoe bore no latchet and buckle. By using gray horses in the bridal carriage, the same good purpose is effected. Swedish bridegrooms sew garlic, chives, and rosemary in their wedding garments, to frustrate the evil designs of the trolls and sprites; and the attendants on the lady carry bouquets of the same herbs in their hands; while the bride herself fills her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to any poor wayfarers she espies as she goes to church, every piece she gets rid of averting a misfortune; the gift, however, is of no use to the receiver, since, if he eats it, he thereby brings the misfortune upon his own head. Manxmen find a pocketful of salt equally efficacious. The brides of Elba go bare-headed to church; and while the ceremony is proceeding, the happy man puts his knee upon the bride's dress, preventing evil spirits putting in their undesired presence, and whispering words in the bride's ear which would render the priest's prayer for fertility utterly inoperative. Women married at Jarrow need no prayers to make them joyful mothers of many children, that end being attained by sitting themselves down in the chair of the Venerable Bede as soon as the parson has done his part. In some parts of England good luck is supposed to be insured by a friend making a hen cackle in the house of the wedded pair. In China they have a curious ceremony, believed to be a never-failing means of making a marriage turn out well for the lady. When she has taken her place in the sedan in which she is to be carried to her future home, her father and mother, or other near relatives, hold a bed-quilt up by its four corners in front of the bridal chair. Into this one of the bride's female cronies tosses, one by one, four bread-cakes (the gift of the bridegroom's family), sending them up high in air; while the lady most concerned in the matter repeats without ceasing certain sentences invoking happiness upon herself and spouse, to which the company assembled respond with the Chinese equivalent for "Amen."

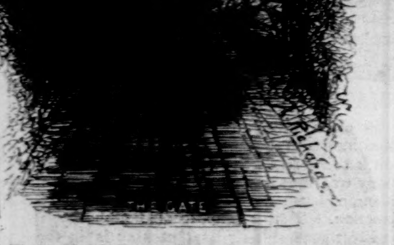
The lately revived custom of throwing shoes after a newly wedded couple for luck is a very old one. In the Isle of Man the shoe is thrown after bride and bridegroom as they leave their respective abodes; but the ceremony is generally performed, elsewhere, upon the departure of the hero and heroine of the day for the honey-moon trip. In some parts of Kent, the shoe-throwing does not take place until after they have gone; when the single ladies range themselves in one line, and the bachelors range themselves in another. An old shoe is then thrown as far as the thrower's strength permits, and the ladies race after it, the winner being rewarded by the assurance that she will be married before any of her rivals. She then throws the shoe at the gentlemen, the one she hits laying the same pleasing unction to his heart. Something like this is practiced, too, in Yorkshire and Scotland. In Germany it used to be the rule for the bride, as she was being conducted to her chamber, to take off her shoe and throw it among the guests, who battled for its possession, the successful he or she being held destined to be speedily married and settled.

MEMORIES OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY GEORGE P. PUTNAM.





THE name of WASHINGTON IRVING has been so permanently embalmed in the affections of English-reading people on both sides of the Atlantic that it is, perhaps, superfluous, in a paper of off-hand recollections of him, to do more than refer very briefly to the chief landmarks of his life. The picturesque incidents of his long and varied career are almost as well known as are his books in every household; and few other names in the entire annals of literature are so pleasantly and satisfactorily associated in intelligent minds with honorable personal character, pure genius, and spotless fame.

For convenient reference I place in tabular form the leading

DATES IN IRVING'S LIFE.

Born in New York city, 131 William Street,* April 3	1783
Began to study law (æt. 16)	1798
Visited Europe (æt. 21)—France, Sicily, Italy, England	1804
Returned to New York	1806
"Salmagundi" (shared with Paulding and William Irving)	1807
At Richmond (as aid to counsel in Burr's trial)	1807
"Knickerbocker" published (revised edition 1812; final revision 1848)	1809
Death of Miss Hoffman (his betrothed)	1809
Analectic Magazine, Philadelphia—edited by Washington Irving (he wrote in this biographies and reviews)	1813–14
Aid to Governor Tompkins in war-time	1814

THE PORCH.

Second visit to Europe (intercourse with Campbell, Disraeli the elder, Scott, Jeffrey, Allston, Gifford, Lockhart, Hallam, etc.)	1815
Failure in business at Liverpool	1818
"The Sketch-Book," in numbers, published in New York	1819
First volume published by Miller, London	1820
Second volume by Murray, London	1820
Residence in Paris (intimacy with Moore, Talma, Talleyrand, etc.)	1821
"Bracebridge Hall," published in New York, and by Murray	1822
Visit to Germany (Heidelberg, Dresden, etc.)	1822
At Paris (Howard Payne, Byron, Galignani)	1823
At London (Rogers and other notabilities)	1824
"Tales of a Traveller," published in New York, and by Murray	1824

* The house was destroyed about 1854, and replaced by a "store."

Visit to Madrid ("Columbus" commenced)	1826
"Life of Columbus," published by Carvills, New York, and by Murray	1828
Journeys in Spain with Prince Dolgorouki, Sir David Wilkie, etc. (Malaga, Seville, Granada, Gibraltar, etc.)	1828
"Conquest of Granada," published by Carey & Lea, Philadelphia, and by Murray	1829
Residence in the Alhambra	1829
Appointed secretary at London with M'Lane	1829
"Companions of Columbus," published (Carvills, Murray)	1830
Return to New York—public dinner to him there	1832
"The Alhambra," published by Carey & Lea, and by Colburn	1832
Journey to the Western prairies, September	1832
"Tour on the Prairies," published by Carey, and by Murray	1835
"Abbotsford and Newstead," and "Spanish Legends," published by Carey, and by Murray	1835
Sunnyside purchased and remodeled	1835
"Astoria," published by Carey, and by Colburn	1836
Offered nomination as Mayor of New York; also that of Secretary of the Navy (Van Buren)	1837
"Bonneville's Adventures," published by Carey, and by Bentley	1837
Commenced actual work on "Life of Washington"	1841
Appointed minister to Spain (Tyler, Webster)	1842
Presides at dinner to Charles Dickens	1842
In London, at "Literary Fund" (Moore, Campbell, etc.)	1842
At Madrid as minister, August, 1842, to August	1846
Revised edition of his works, commenced by Putnam, September	1848
"Life of Goldsmith," published by Putnam, and by Murray	1849
"Mahomet and His Successors," published by Putnam, and by Murray	1850
"Wolfert's Roost," published by Putnam, and by Murray	1855
"Life of Washington" (vols. i. and ii., 1855; vol. iii., 1856; vol. iv., 1857; vol. v., April 10, 1857)	1855
Death of Washington Irving (æt. 76), November 28	1859
Burial at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, December 3	1859
Commemoration of him at Academy of Music, New York, April 3	1860

It is notable of Irving that, though he was a pale and slender invalid at twenty-one, he became vigorous and robust in maturer life; that his tastes and habits were exceptionally homelike, and his disposition affectionate and loving, yet he lived and died unmarried; that he was modest and retiring, yet as proudly high-toned and sensitive as if he had been heir to a line of kings; that he had a repugnance to all business details involving dollars and cents, yet was conscientious and careful to an extreme in all engagements and obligations; and, while he lived as a gentleman, and (like Scott) had to surmount and conquer early business disasters, yet he finally left a handsome property for his friends as the result of his literary labors; that he was morbidly averse to political conflicts and to public life, and yet he had honors thrust upon him against his will—the secretaryship at London, the Spanish mission, a seat in Congress, the Navy Department, and the mayoralty of New York (these last three declined), and a "D.C.L." at Oxford and "LL.D." elsewhere, though he had never studied in college at all. He was specially repugnant to regular and periodical tasks, yet he was thrice urged to become an editor—Scott offering him a salary of £500 when he was unknown, and Murray tendering £1000 a year and contingencies, to conduct a magazine. Literary composition was apt to be so irksome to him, unless "in the mood," that he sometimes fagged over a single sentence, or gave up the attempt altogether, yet his voluminous writings cover a wide range of themes, and his style became proverbial as a model of easy grace and off-hand, unstudied elegance.

The change referred to as to his physical constitution is indicated by the remark of the captain when he came, pale and fragile, on board the vessel for his first trip to Europe: "There's a chap who will go overboard before we get across;" and yet he lived after this full half a century and five years more, stout, hale, and hearty, and died in full possession of all his faculties.

These contrasts are perhaps in keeping with a peculiar fancy or whimsical mood, such as prompted the completion of one of his most humorous sketches ("The Stout Gentleman") while sitting on a grave-stone in a country church-yard, while one of his most tender and pathetic papers was written in the *early* hours after a ball.

The story of his long and honorable career is told chiefly in his correspondence with intimate friends, interspersed with letters to and from some of the most famous men of the century. These letters form the staple of the attractive and entertaining biography edited by his nephew and literary executor, Pierre M. Irving. They extend over sixty years of the political and literary history of both hemispheres.

As to his family history, I need only refer to an unpublished letter, written for a special purpose, viz.: In 1850 the present Mr. Murray and

"CARL'S MILL," IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.

Mr. Bentley commenced a suit against Mr. H. G. Bohn, the London publisher, for infringement of their copyrights in the English editions of Irving's works, which Bohn had "piratically" reprinted in a cheap form, in defiance of both courtesy and justice. Mr. Irving, having received liberal sums from the elder Murray, and from Colburn & Bentley—no less than £12,212—for his earlier works, those gentlemen naturally resisted this unneighborly proceeding, and wrote to Mr. Irving, hoping in some way to claim him as an essentially *British* author, imagining that he was a Scotchman by birth, or by right of his father, and that he was thus *legally* entitled to copyright in England. In Mr. Irving's reply, of which I have a copy, he says:

"It will not be in my power to come to England to give testimony in this matter, as has been suggested by your lawyer, but I am ready to send you all the testimony I can command. I am not disposed to enter into litigation on my own account.... Above all, I have no idea of compromising my character as a native-born and thoroughly loyal American citizen in seeking to promote my pecuniary interests, though I am willing to take all proper steps to protect yours.

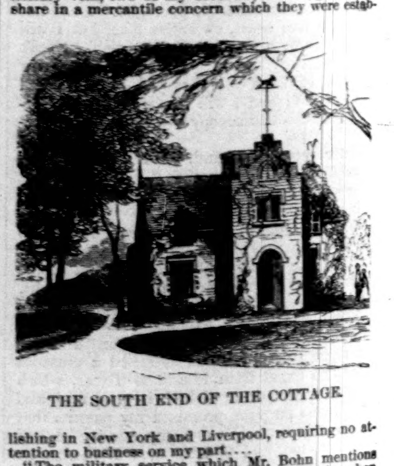
"MEMORANDA.

"My father embarked at Falmouth, to settle in America, 25th May, 1763, and arrived in New York 18th July following. He resided in New York until his death with the exception of two years' sojourn in a country town during the war of the Revolution. He was strongly devoted to the American cause throughout the war, and, of course, on the return of peace, took every step necessary to establish his character as an American citizen. He had been engaged in mercantile business....

"I was brought up and educated at his expense, and not at that of my two elder brothers, as erroneously asserted in the statement of Mr. Bohn. I was destined for the bar, but before I had completed my studies I was sent to Europe for the benefit of my health. I embarked for Bordeaux May 19, 1804, remained nearly two years abroad, visiting Italy, Sicily, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland, and England, and returned home in March, 1806.

"Resuming the study of the law, I was admitted to the bar November 21, 1806, but never practiced, having imbibed a taste for literary pursuits. In the indulgence of this I wrote some of the papers in 'Salmagundi,' and produced 'Knickerbocker's New York,' which first appeared December 6, 1809.

"To enable me more completely to follow out my literary vein, two of my brothers, in 1810, gave me a share in a mercantile concern which they were estab-



THE SOUTH END OF THE COTTAGE.

lishing in New York and Liverpool, requiring no attention to business on my part....

"The military service which Mr. Bohn mentions took place during our last war with Great Britain, when the destruction of the Capitol at Washington, in 1814, roused every one to take some active part in the war. I then joined the military staff of the Governor of New York as aid-de-camp, and continued as such until the return of peace.

"On the 25th May, 1815, I embarked for Liverpool, on a second visit to Europe. The sudden reverses in business which took place on the return of peace overwhelmed the house in which my brothers had kindly given me an interest, and involved me in its ruin.

"I then determined to try my pen as a means of support, and began the papers of the 'Sketch-Book.' While thus occupied I resided in London from July, 1818, to August, 1820. The MS. for the 'Sketch-Book' was transmitted piecemeal, to be published in numbers in New York. After several numbers had thus ap-

BRIDGE OVER THE POCANTICO, THE SCENE OF ICHABOD CRANE'S ADVENTURE.

NORTH AND WEST SIDE OF SUNNYSIDE.

peared, I was induced to publish the work collectively in London."

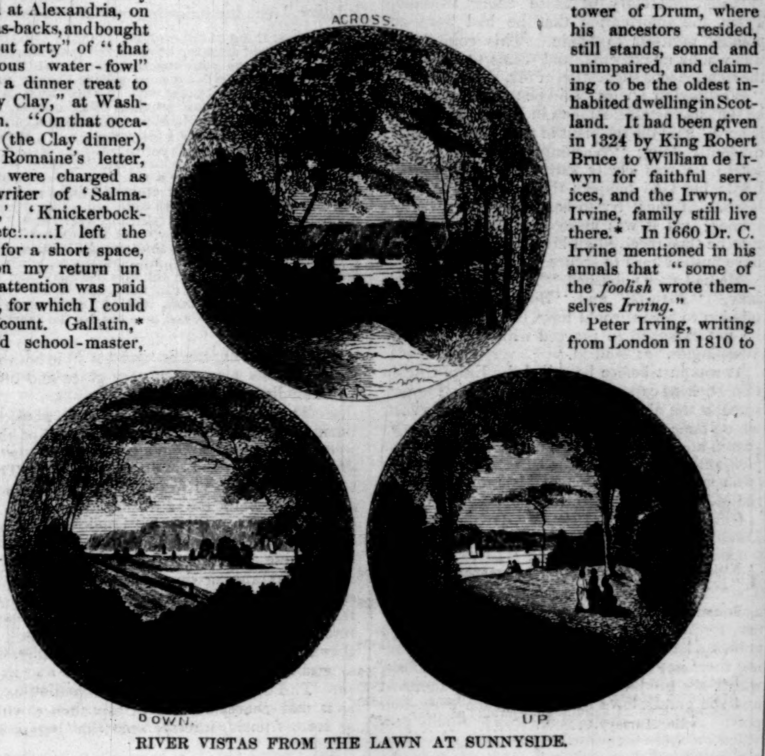
The letter then narrates the subsequent story of his published works.

The suits were compromised without a trial, Bohn purchasing from Murray and Bentley all their right and interest in the works, whatever they might prove to be. Mr. Bohn had assumed that no copyright whatever could be sustained, and had printed the books for a nominal price; but as soon as he had secured the nominal control of them he challenged all comers, and forbade all interference with his "copyright" in them, warning all the custom-houses in the kingdom to stop and destroy any stray volumes of the American editions, as infringements of his vested interests. As a sequel to all this, a little incident may here be related, as it is connected with Irving's boyhood.

In 1860 I received a letter from "William Buchanan, M.D.," dated "Near Greenock, Scotland," saying that he had heard of the recent death of his quondam school-fellow, Washington Irving, and instructing me to send him the "handsomest set of Irving's works," in the best binding. He proceeded to fill his letter with gossiping reminiscences, saying that he was then eighty years old; that he was born in New Jersey in 1780, and was christened at Morristown, in the presence of Washington and Lafayette, who were "hutted" there with the army; that he had been sent to school in New York, and well remembered Washington Irving as one of his classmates; that he had watched Irving's career ever since, though he had not met him after the school-days; that he had been a surgeon in the American navy, but had now retired to the home of his ancestors, where his bones would be left, but meanwhile he wanted to read his schoolmate's books. A costly set of these was sent accordingly. In due time came an indignant letter from the old gentleman, reporting that he had been accused of trying to smuggle contraband goods, that his "Irving" had been seized by order of Mr. Bohn, and that it was about to be cut up literally into small pieces. It was a long story. Letters passed for months. Mr. B. was inexorable, remonstrance useless, and the veteran of fourscore actually made a journey of four hundred miles to London before he could persuade the stern defender of "right" to give up his "Irving."*

The school where young Buchanan was a classmate of Irving was doubtless that of Benjamin Romaine, at 198 Fulton Street, then 37 Partition Street. In 1833 a letter from this Mr. Romaine to his former pupil reminded him of their last previous meeting at Washington, "eighteen years ago"—it was in 1812—when Mr. Irving was there as a "lobbyist" (!), in company with John G. Coster, John Mason, and Abraham R. Lawrence, as "a committee of New York merchants" to get "relief" from Congress in the matter of certain "penalty bonds." This business achieved, as the pedagogue proceeds to say, chiefly by Washington Irving, the party made a trip to Mount Vernon, "in six carriages," Romaine being deputed to make an address to Judge Washington; and "they all wept" at the tomb of *Pater Patriæ*. They dined at Alexandria, on canvas-backs, and bought "about forty" of "that delicious water-fowl" for "a dinner treat to Henry Clay," at Washington. "On that occasion" (the Clay dinner), says Romaine's letter, "*you* were charged as the writer of 'Salmagundi,' 'Knickerbocker,' etc......I left the room for a short space, and on my return unusual attention was paid to me, for which I could not account. Gallatin,* an old school-master, and one or two other great men who had served in that capacity, came to me, and spoke of certain ways and means of school-keeping......I was told that in my absence you had 'blown me sky-high,' as John Randolph would say, for having first taught you to read and write. I care not if you did this to escape attention yourself, as the effect to me was four or five invitations to dinner-parties."

This worthy pedagogue, by-the-way, was a disciplinarian of the old school, and young Washington Irving used to be greatly disgusted with his antique mode of posterior punishment of the boys after the girls were dismissed.



RIVER VISTAS FROM THE LAWN AT SUNNYSIDE.

Reverting to Mr. Irving's ancestry, which Mr. Murray's letter had made a subject of inquiry, in the hope of claiming him as a "Britisher," it is curious that the tower of Drum, where his ancestors resided, still stands, sound and unimpaired, and claiming to be the oldest inhabited dwelling in Scotland. It had been given in 1324 by King Robert Bruce to William de Irwyn for faithful services, and the Irwyn, or Irvine, family still live there.* In 1660 Dr. C. Irvine mentioned in his annals that "some of the *foolish* wrote themselves *Irving*."

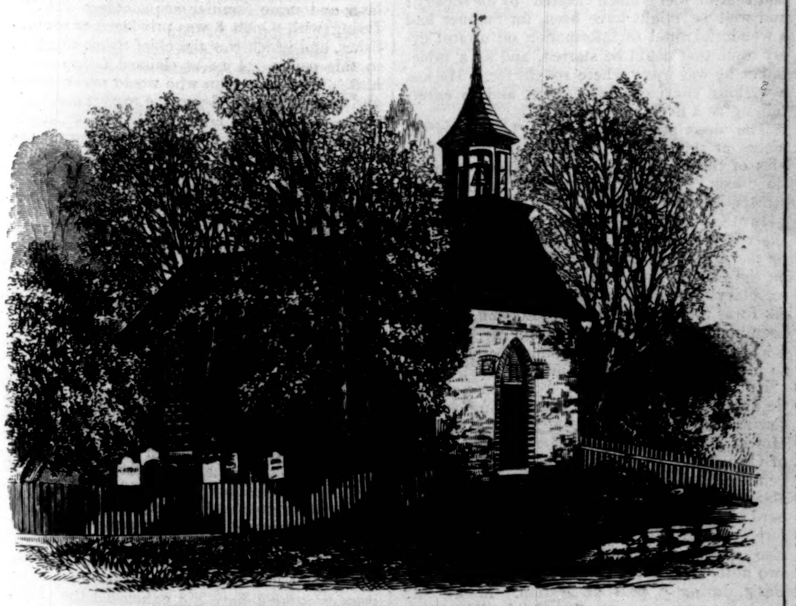
Peter Irving, writing from London in 1810 to his brother Washington, says he had found at the Herald's College a MS. account of the family, written by this Dr. C. Irvine, "historiographer to Charles II." In this account it appeared that among the early members of this family was that very King Duncan who was murdered by Macbeth! Thus, at least, wrote the historiographer of Charles II. If Diedrich Knickerbocker thus really inherited the blood of his Majesty, "the unguarded Duncan," it had doubtless been mixed at some time with that of some less royal stock, or the "history of the world" and of the three Dutch dynasties would never have been written.

This paper is not intended to be even an outline of the biography of Irving as narrated in the entertaining volumes of his nephew. It aims to give only some desultory scraps here and there, supplementing those volumes with stray bits of personal recollection. The memoranda of dates at the beginning will serve to fix the leading incidents of his life in their proper order.

Some pleasant traits of his boyhood have been preserved in MS. memoranda of his biographer besides those mentioned in the book. His father was a Presbyterian of the old Covenanter stamp. Yet, oddly enough, Washington Irving was christened in the old St. George's Chapel in Beekman Street,† though the rite was performed by a Presbyterian, the dismantling of the churches during the war, then just closed, having made it needful for different sects to accommodate each other. The "blessing" obtained for Washington Irving by his Scotch nurse from Washington himself, which she claimed as for "his namesake," left, perhaps, a positive inspiration on the boy which may have unconsciously influenced his after-life, and his crowning literary work. The strict discipline of his conscientious father led the youth to think (as he said to his biographer) that "somehow or other every thing that was pleasant was wicked." Yet, as a boy, he was full of merry mischief of a venial sort; and he was a great reader, "devouring every thing—tales, travels, voyages, history, etc.—thus acquiring great familiarity with words and their uses." Romaine used to recognize this, and would question him: "General" (this was his style), "what is the meaning of this word, or that phrase," etc.

His trip up the Hudson in the year 1800—his journey through the wilderness to Ogdensburg,* Montreal, and Quebec, in 1803—must have fed his early longings to travel and see the world. That sloop voyage to the Highlands and the Kaatskills, which he described fifty years after in the "Landscape-Book," was a momentous and romantic affair compared to present modes of locomotion; and the journey to the North at that time must have been at least equal to a trip round the world to-day under modern appliances. Then the voyage to Europe in 1804, at the time when Napoleon I. was assuming the imperial purple; his rambles through France, Sicily, and Italy when those countries were most romantically attractive to a young American; his intimacy with Allston at Rome, and how he narrowly missed being an artist himself—all this is pleasantly told in his letters and journals. At home again we next have his "Oldstyle" and "Salmagundi,"† and other early pencilings, and then his famous "Knickerbocker;" his first and only "love" (Matilda Hoffman, whose early death, in 1809, tinged his whole life, for he was loyal to her memory to the last); his life as an editor (of the *Analectic*); his second visit to Europe, and long residence in England and Spain, extending from 1815 to 1832; the familiar associations with famous persons there; the pleasant and profitable fame resulting from the "Sketch-Book," and "Bracebridge," and "The Traveller," and "Columbus"—all this forms a chapter of literary biography scarcely excelled in interest by any in the language.

When Irving was writing "The Sketch-Book" in London, in 1818, he took lodgings at a Mrs. Holloway's, in Cockspur Lane, and one of his unpublished letters gave an amusing account of the scrutiny bestowed upon him, by the landlady's friends, as a referenceless and questionable stranger, who might prove as faithless in paying as some others of her patrons had been. But Mrs. H. had instinctive confidence in him, and her faith was subsequently rewarded by substantial



THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.

IRVING'S GRAVE.

* Dr. Buchanan was a correspondent of the late venerable John Allan, the veteran virtuoso of Vandewater Street.

* Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury under Jefferson.

* An engraving of it is given in "Irving's Life," vol. iii., Riverside edition. † Destroyed in 1869.

* Then called Oswegatchie.

† The "summer-house" of Cockloft Hall still stands near Newark, New Jersey, and was represented in *fac-simile* at the Metropolitan Fair in New York in 1864. Irving in later life spoke of these early writings as "juvenile indiscretions," and declined to include them in his revised works.

services rendered by her lodger after he had become known as an author. Her suspicion of literary men had been fostered by the experience of her late husband, a wine-merchant, who had trustfully given credit to ——— ——— (the famous essayist). The delayed account had been sent to the delinquent's wife. "Ah!" said she, "Mr. ——— is a literary man—a man of genius; he could not attend to these things." The case was mentioned to Mr. I. "Send your attorney to the man of genius," was his reply; "I know of no genius that lifts a man above his honest engagements."

When his friends Leslie and Stuart Newton were with him about this time, he suggested, as a subject for a painting, "The Dull Lecture." A playful competition ensued, Newton being the victor. The painting was engraved for an annual, and Irving wrote the motto:

> "Frosty age, frosty age,
> Vain all thy learning,
> Drowsy page, drowsy page,
> Evermore turning:
> Young love no lore will heed;
> Young heart's a restless rover;
> Young beauty, while you read,
> Sleeping, dreams of absent lover."

Some one looking at the painting with the motto, said, "Ah! but after all there is nothing like the *old* poetry!"

When Mr. Irving returned to his native city, in 1832, after an absence of seventeen years, he had won world-wide fame for himself and for American literature; and no other name, except Cooper's, had then become familiar in Europe as that of an American author. It was natural enough, then, that he should be received with enthusiasm, and honored with a special greeting from the magnates of the time at a public dinner. This was at the old City Hotel, near Trinity Church, and was a notable event and the town-talk. Chancellor Kent presided, and Irving, in his speech of thanks, which he managed to stumble through creditably, nervous and timid though he was in such attempts, said he should now remain in his native land "as long as he lived"—a statement that was greeted with "immense applause."

Five years later, in March, 1837, it was my fortune to see Mr. Irving for the first time as one of the chief guests at another entertainment, given by the booksellers, at this same City Hotel, in the "assembly-room," where even the "fashion" of the town used to have their balls and concerts. Some three hundred were present, including Bryant, Halleck, Paulding, Chancellor Kent, Philip Hone, Charles King, William L. Stone, Dr. Francis, and most of the authors and notabilities of the time. One of the officers was Fletcher Harper; the witty John Keese was engineer of "sentiments." The speeches were exceptionally interesting and animated—so at least they seemed to a novice—and the whole affair was a notable success. Mr. Irving, timid as he was, turned off a neat little speech, listened to with lively deference, in which he quoted a letter from Rogers, the poet, complimenting Halleck, and saying that his poems were "better than any thing [they] can do just now on [their] side of the Atlantic." The company rose and drank "the health of Samuel Rogers" with great enthusiasm; and Henry Russell, the noted vocalist, then made his *début* by singing "The Old English Gentleman," to the great delight of the guests, and especially of Geoffrey Crayon.*

Speaking of Rogers at a later day, he said Rogers was kind-hearted to the poor, but cynical to the rich; he would help a poor artist of merit until he was successful, and then would "give him a dig." Rogers lived to see Irving in England again more than once, for he reached the great age of fourscore-and-ten.

Just before this time Mr. Irving had taken possession of his new purchase, the Van Tassell cottage of the "Sleepy Hollow" legend, afterward known as Wolfert's Roost, and which, with the aid of Mr. George Harvey as a designer, he had translated into the snug and attractive retreat rechristened Sunnyside. We saw him occasionally at our place of business in Broadway, where he used to come as a contributor to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, edited by L. Gaylord Clark. These contributions, with some others, were afterward collected in the volume named "Wolfert's Roost."

The magazine did not apparently gain much in circulation even with such a contributor, and Mr. Irving's own share of the gains could not have been large.

The bust of Mr. Irving by Ball Hughes, made about this time, used to ornament our desk, and was then considered a good likeness, as he was then in his prime, at fifty-four.†

Mr. Irving had actually commenced writing the history of the conquest of Mexico, and had become greatly interested in the magnificent theme, as a sequel to his "Columbus," when he learned from Dr. Cogswell that Prescott proposed the same subject. He at once dropped it, though with great reluctance—especially as it soon appeared that Prescott had not really begun his work. His correspondence about the matter with that eminent historian is charac-

* The report of this affair filled two pages of the New York *American*.

† The last "sitting" which he gave for a likeness was in 1851, when Charles Martin, an English artist, made a portrait of him in crayon, with which he was pleased. An ugly daguerreotype, to which he was enticed before this, was afterward worked up into a still uglier photograph, which looked more like Burton, the actor, than like Irving. Martin's portrait (in my possession) was engraved for his books, as also was that of Vanderlyn (the first), taken at Paris in 1804–5; Jarvis, taken 1809; Stuart Newton, 1820; Wilkie, 1843. Palmer's bust in Historical Society is more pleasing than faithful; that of Ames Van Wart (also posthumous) is a good likeness for about 1858; but the colossal bust by Macdonald, ordered by a liberal citizen for the Prospect Park, Brooklyn, bids fair to be a remarkable success, and to show Irving as he was in his mature age before his health failed. Is it not time that our Central Park possessed a sculptured memorial of Irving and of Cooper?

teristic of both parties; neither was to be outdone by the other in chivalrous courtesy.

One of Mr. Irving's visitors at "The Roost" in 1837 was a young foreigner named Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, afterward known as Emperor Napoleon III., and as the Man of Sedan. It don't appear that the horoscope of this youth was recast at the cottage, or that his future elevation and downfall were even guessed at there. Years after I heard Mr. Irving speak of having at Granada often had the little Eugénie Montijo on his knee as a pet child. In one of his letters (1853) he says:

> "The last I saw of Eugénie Montijo she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid; and she and her giddy circle had swept away my charming young friend, the beautiful and accomplished ———, into the career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugénie is upon a throne, and ——— is a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders! Poor ———! *Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of the two.* 'The storm' with her 'is o'er, and she's at rest;' *but the other is launched, from a returnless shore, upon a dangerous sea, infamous for its tremendous shipwrecks. Am I to live to see the catastrophe of her career, and the end of this suddenly conjured-up empire, which seems to be of 'such stuff as dreams are made of?'* I confess my personal acquaintance with the individuals in this historical romance gives me uncommon interest in it; but I consider it *stamped with danger and instability*, and as liable to extravagant vicissitudes as one of Dumas's novels."

We may not discover any profound sagacity, or special gift of prophecy in these surmises, but they are curiously in accordance with the *finale* of 1870, which the seer did *not* "live to see."

In February, 1842, Mr. Irving and his friends were equally surprised on his receiving from Mr. Webster, Secretary of State under President Tyler, the information that he had been appointed minister to Spain. This compliment was wholly unexpected, and seems to have been the spontaneous suggestion of Mr. Webster alone. "Washington Irving," said he to a visitor, "will be the most astonished man in New York." "It is hard," said the recipient of the honor, who was diligently doing "Washington" at the cottage where he was cozily settled for life—"it is hard; but God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb......I must try to bear it." Such was his humor; yet it was more than half in earnest that he thus received an honor that many would have pushed hard to secure.*

He had now published "The Crayon Miscellany," "Astoria," and "Bonneville," and the mission to Spain would have been declined had he not expected to proceed with the "Life of Washington" at Madrid.

It was just before he sailed for Europe again that Dickens came to New York, and Irving presided at the dinner given to the young novelist, whose fame was already secured. Mr. Irving's speech and his break-down on this occasion were pleasantly described by the late Professor Felton (who was also a guest), in his remarks before the Massachusetts Historical Society.†

On the 11th May, 1842, Mr. Irving, being in London, on the way to his post at Madrid, attended the anniversary of the "Literary Fund"—a society for the relief of disabled authors. The "Fund" (if not the authors) is fed annually, as is usual with British charities, at a public dinner, for which the participants pay usually a guinea a head, with the further privilege of leaving their autographs on the subscription books, which are produced when the cloth is removed and the guests have become amiable over their port. A lion or two of some sort is usually provided on these occasions in the guise of an orator, and a titled chairman is almost indispensable—if not a duke or an earl, then a baronet is made to answer. This seems to be the chronic mode of reaching Uncle John's pocket, and of feeding many good purposes, from an academy of fine arts to a small-pox hospital. On this special occasion, where I first met Mr. Irving in Europe, the attractions were more than ordinary. For a chairman we had no less a personage than Prince Albert, the Queen's handsome husband, then in the flower of his youth and popularity; and this was his first appearance as a presiding officer. He made two or three addresses in the course of the evening, and acquitted himself wonderfully—for a prince. He was well supported. Russia sent the stately Baron Brunow; Prussia was represented by Chevalier Bunsen, the genial and accomplished theologic diplomate; Edward Everett appeared as American minister, and Washington Irving as American author. British historians were represented by Hallam and Lord Mahon; novelists by G. P. R. James (Dickens at this time had a controversy with the "Fund"); the antiquarians by Gally Knight; the church by the Bishop of Gloucester; science by Sir Roderick Murchison; the drama by Sergeant Talfourd; and the poets by Tom Campbell and Tom Moore. *All these* made speeches more or less long, and very rarely have so many shining lights blazed forth together on the same evening. It was an affair to linger in memory. We listened with due deference to the Prince, and then to the embassadors, in all their dignity; the learned Hallam, and the other heavy guns; the sparkling little poet of "Lalla Rookh" and of the Melodies; the veteran author of the "Pleasures of Hope" and of "Hohenlinden;" and the classic and fluent barrister who wrote "Ion" and edited Lamb. Some professionals had deliciously sung "Ye Mariners of England," and

> "Doth not a meeting like this make amends
> For all the long years we've been wandering away?"

and the authors of these lyrics seemed to be well pleased, though poor Campbell, who was near

* Disraeli once spoke of this appointment as showing how literature was more creditably recognized by republics than by sovereigns. Others might think that it was the government that was honored, rather than the appointee.

† Dickens seemed to have had a genuine admiration for Irving, and the appreciation was mutual, in spite of Boz's somewhat *loud* costume and cockney ways. Irving's letter to Boz, before his American visit, was a hearty and graceful tribute to his genius, and was so received by the novelist.

where I sat, was not so clear-headed as he ought to have been when addressing "his Royal Highness," and Moxon looked distressed as he prompted him. We had heard all this, and a great deal more, when the fugleman of his Royal Highness gave "the next regular," viz., "Washington Irving and American literature," and the cheering was louder, longer, and heartier than any of the other famous men had received, not excepting the Prince himself. The whole interest of the evening seemed to culminate toward Geoffrey Crayon, and the curiosity to see and hear him was intense. He sat at the head table, between Everett and Tom Moore,* and when he rose and simply said, in his modest, beseeching manner, "I beg to return you my sincere thanks," his brevity probably seemed ungracious to those who had seen him thus greeted, and did not know how hard it was for him to "speak a piece." He whose periods read so smoothly in print could scarcely build a single sentence when he had to trust his memory and self-confidence. An Englishman near me muttered to his neighbor, "Brief, isn't he?" "Yes," was the answer; "but you can tell the *gentleman* in the very tone of his voice." It was vexatious that the polished oratory of Everett was not to be heard as a substitute, but this was "not in the bill."

In the crowded hat-room, as we came away, I was amused to see "little Tom Moore" (about the size of Wendell Holmes) appealing with mock pathos to Irving, as "the biggest man," to pass his ticket lest he should be demolished in the crush. They left the hall together to encounter a heavy shower; and Moore, in his "Diary," tells the following further incident:

> "The best thing of the evening, as far as I was concerned, occurred after the whole grand show was over. Irving and I came away together, and we had hardly got into the street when a most pelting shower came on, and cabs and umbrellas were in requisition in all directions. As we were provided with neither, our plight was becoming serious, when a common cad ran up to me and said, 'Shall I get you a cab, Mr. Moore? Shure, ain't I the man that patronizes your Melodies?' He then ran off in search of a vehicle, while Irving and I stood close up, like a pair of male caryatides, under the very narrow protection of a hall-door ledge, and thought at last that we were quite forgotten by my patron. But he came faithfully back, and while putting me into the cab (without minding at all the trifle I gave him for his trouble), he said, confidentially, in my ear, 'Now mind, Misthur Moore, whenever you want a cab, just call for Tim Flaherty, and I'm your man.' Now this I call *fame*, and of somewhat more agreeable kind than that of Dante, when the women in the street found him out by the marks of hell-fire on his beard."

In 1842, during his first year at Madrid, there were on this side three or four petty attacks upon his literary fame—the only stings, or even discourtesies, which were ever aimed at him during his sixty years' life as an author. These were, severally, Griswold's charge in *Graham's Magazine* that he had written laudatory reviews of his own books in Murray's *Quarterly*; Leggett's attack, in the *Plain-Dealer*, about the change of a word in the London edition of Bryant's poems, which Washington Irving had been requested to introduce with a preface—a sort of sneaking *guess* that he had been too subservient to England and the English; and that he had not given sufficient credit to Navarrete for materials used in his "Columbus." All these, as is clearly shown in the biography, were as groundless as they were frivolous and ill-natured. They scarcely need any mention except as a Shakspearean truism: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

My friend, George Sumner, brother of the Senator, was at Madrid during the troubles and insurrection in 1843, and wrote me at London some graphic descriptions of the scenes there, which were, perhaps, as turbulent as the recent doings in Paris. Mr. Irving, in his letters, mentions that Sumner dined with him almost daily, and that he was "much cheered" by his society; and well he might have been, for Sumner had a wonderful fund of information on almost every topic that could be started, and as a table-talker he was every where sought for. He was a walking encyclopedia of facts, and as entertaining as a lively novelist.

The descriptions in Irving's letters to his nieces at this time of the pomps and ceremonies of the court, and the doings of "the little queen,"† and of the stormy drama in the streets, are very picturesque.

In 1845 Mr. Irving came to London on a short visit to Mr. M'Lane, the American minister there, who asked his counsel, as an old friend, on the Oregon question. (Irving had been his secretary of legation at the same post in 1829.) As I was then a householder in London, and had been honored with courtesies from Mr. M'Lane, I had the gratification of becoming better known to Mr. Irving, and to have him for my guest at "Knickerbocker Cottage." We had a quiet little dinner-party, the other guests being Samuel Carter Hall, editor of the *Art Journal*, William Howitt, and Dr. Beattie, the friend and biographer of Campbell. Dr. Beattie was a model English gentleman, the pink of courtesy, and his talk about Campbell greatly interested Irving, for the bard of Hope had been his friend thirty years before. Carter Hall's stories about Moore were also specially entertaining to Irving, for the two authors had been intimate in London and Paris during a past generation. Moore still lived, but was now a chronic invalid. The "patronage" of my Lord Lansdowne was discussed, and the better and weaker traits of Moore's character.‡ Probably no three persons in England

* Moore had coaxed him to the dinner on the suggestion that he could distinguish himself by making the *shortest* speech.

† The same who was ignominiously expelled in 1869.

‡ "Did you bring your horses?" asked a nobleman of Moore, at a country-seat where they were both guests. "My horses!" said Moore to Washington Irving—"my horses! who never had any horse but poor Pegasus." (I copy this from a MS. memorandum hitherto unused.)

could have been more familiar with men and things of interest to the author of "Bracebridge Hall," and could entertain him better with the changes which had occurred during the thirteen years since he had lived in England, than could these three—Hall, Howitt, and Beattie. It is needless to say that the evening was an agreeable one, and Geoffrey Crayon seemed pleased. I had hinted to one of my guests that Mr. Irving was sometimes "caught napping" even at the dinner-table, so that this possibility might be expected. The conversation proved so interesting that the drowsy enemy seemed to be baffled; but lo! a slight lull in the talk disclosed the fact that our respected guest was nodding. (I believe it was a habit with him for many years to take forty winks at the dinner-table.*) Still the evening was a rare one, and my English friends frequently thanked me afterward for the opportunity of meeting "the man of all others whom they desired to know."

The American publishers of Irving's works have been successively: 1. D. Longworth, "at the Shakspeare Gallery," who produced "Salmagundi" in little yellow-covered weekly numbers in 1807.† 2. Inskeep & Bradford, 128 Broadway, who issued "Knickerbocker" in 1809. 3. C. S. Van Winkle, who printed (for the author) "The Sketch-Book," in handsome octavo numbers, in 1820. ("Bracebridge" and "The Traveller" were first published in New York, in numbers, for the author.) 4. G. & C. Carvill, corner of Broadway and Wall Street, issued "Columbus," in two octavo volumes, in 1829. 5. Carey & Lea, Philadelphia, published the first editions of "Alhambra," "Granada," "Crayon," "Bonneville," and "Astoria," and reprints of the earlier works.‡ During five years ending in 1848 no new editions of any of these works had been issued, the contract with the Philadelphia publishers having expired in 1843, and neither they nor any other publisher appearing to have faith enough to propose a republication or encourage the author to write any thing more. The shrewdest men in the trade doubted whether these works had vitality sufficient to warrant any other than a one or two volume edition in small type. Thus, at least, it was reported; and the decision, if true, only illustrates how much like a lottery this business is, and how mistaken the wisest judgment and experience in it may be. Mr. Irving himself began to think that his writings had ceased to have a marketable value, and that he was obsolete and to be laid on the shelf. The writer of this claims no peculiar sagacity in acting upon the belief that this was a material error, and that these books had a long life in them yet.

Beginning at this time (1848) a separate business in New York, he proposed to Mr. Irving definitely, what had been a matter of general suggestion in Europe, viz., a uniform edition of his works. The offer was made in a brief, off-hand note, and it was accepted the next day, without the change of a figure, or a single condition. The edition was commenced at once, in a form generally acceptable, for it was an improvement at least on the incongruous shapes of the books as previously printed. Twelve volumes appeared in as many months; and the four volumes of new works, besides the "Life of Washington," and posthumous works, followed in succession.

As a sequel to the story of timid faith above referred to, it may here be mentioned that the number of volumes of the series issued since that date has been not less than nine hundred thousand; and the amount received by Mr. Irving and his representatives from this collected edition exceeds $150,000. The author was pleased and satisfied with this result, and the publishers were equally so. The advantage was mutual.

This sketch is already extended so far beyond limits that little space is left for reference to the later and more familiar acquaintance with Mr. Irving with which I was privileged as his publisher, and which was the chief theme suggested in this paper. I never claimed *intimacy* with him. He was a man who would unconsciously and quietly command genuine respect and deference; yet he was never forbidding or lofty in manner; and with all the native courtesy and refinement of a true gentleman he was often full of genial humor, and sometimes, as a pleasant thought would strike him, his eye would twinkle with exuberant fun.

An invitation to Sunnyside was always tempting, of course; yet those who knew how the bachelor-author and his brother's family there were apt to be besieged by visitors—including strangers drawn there by mere curiosity—would hesitate before adding a feather to the burden. Yet genuine hospitality, to real friends, was his delight.

In 1850, when Mr. Irving was in his best estate, when his mood was the sunniest, and Wolfert's Roost was in the spring-time of its charms, it was my fortune to pass a few days there with my wife. Mr. Irving himself drove a snug pair of ponies down to the steamboat to meet us, for even then Thackeray's "one old horse" was not the only resource in the Sunnyside stables. The drive of two miles from Tarrytown to that delicious lane which leads to the "Roost," who does not know all that, and how charming it is? Five hundred descriptions of Tappan Sea and the regions around have not exhausted the theme. The modest cottage, almost buried under the luxuriant Melrose ivy, was then just finished as it is now—a picturesque and cozy retreat for a man of tastes and habits like those of Geoffrey Crayon—snug and modest, but yet, with all its

* He was once asked if he recollected "Mrs. ———, that lady who used to go to sleep in the evening." "Ah!" was the reply, "I am afraid I always got the start of her."

† A file of these original numbers is now a curiosity. The "Shakspeare Gallery" was in Park Row. Longworth was the publisher of the New York Directory.

‡ Mr. Irving had also written a sketch of Goldsmith for Harper & Brothers' edition of "Goldsmith's Select Works."

surroundings, a fit residence for a gentleman who had means to make every thing suitable and "handsome" about him.

The home life at Sunnyside was all charmingly in keeping. I don't presume to trespass upon its privacy farther than to say that this delightful visit of three or four days gave us the impression that Mr. Irving's element seemed to be *at home* as head of the family. He took us through his grounds—some thirty acres of wood and dell, with babbling brooks—pointing out countless trees which he had planted with his own hand, stopping now and then to play with his pet "little dog," and telling us reminiscences of his early life: of his being taken in the Mediterranean by pirates; of his standing on the pier at Messina, in Sicily, and looking at Nelson's fleet sweeping by on its way to the battle of Trafalgar; of his failing to see the interior of Milan Cathedral, as it was being decorated for the coronation of the first Napoleon; of his adventures in Rome with Allston, and how near Geoffrey Crayon came to being an artist; of Talleyrand, Madame De Staël, Talma; and of incidents which seemed to transport us back to the last century. Then he took us to Sleepy Hollow, again driving the ponies himself, and playing cicerone besides; and with such a coachman and guide, in such a "debatable land," we could not well avoid a good deal of enjoyment, which was long remembered.

The re-issue of Irving's works in 1848 commenced with "Knickerbocker;" and in this he made copious revisions and additions, about one-third being new matter. The original edition was dedicated with mock gravity to the New York Historical Society; and some of the more literal-minded of the grandsons of Holland were not quite satisfied with the quaint and exhaustive researches of the learned Diedrich. Even the scholarly Verplanck—appreciative friend of the author as he was—probably never quite forgave him for the rollicking humor which embalmed the Dutch aristocracy in this famous work. The author's preface to the revised edition gracefully apologizes for the venial sins of the book against the ancestral pride of the Manhattanese, and probably this is no longer disturbed. Sir Walter Scott enjoyed this book immensely, and wrote Brevoort that his "sides were sore" with laughter when reading it to his wife.*

The "Sketch-Book" also received considerable new matter in the revised edition, and this work has always led all the others in popular favor. Mr. Bryant, in his commemorative address, attributed the change in the temperament of Mr. Irving (as shown in the "Sketch-Book," in contrast with "Knickerbocker") to the blight that came over him just after the latter work was published. His delicate reference to Mr. Irving's early engagement was corroborated by the biographer. It recalled to me an illustrative incident. Mr. Irving handed me one day a little miniature of a young lady, whose face was lighted up by intellect as well as beauty, requesting me to get an artist to repair a little injury, but to be careful not to touch the *face*. It was exquisitely painted on ivory. When I returned it to him in a new velvet case (the old one had been fairly worn out by much use), he took it to a quiet corner, and looked on the face intently for some minutes, apparently unobserved, but I could not help seeing that he was moved to tears by this mere glance at the face of the lady, who, as we all know now, was Miss Matilda Hoffman, daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman (in whose law-office Irving had studied), and sister of the late Ogden Hoffman and of Charles Fenno Hoffman, the poet and novelist.† An attachment, so fresh and so fragrant, more than forty years after death had snatched away the mortal part of the object of affection, is a rare instance of loyal constancy. This loyalty was never weakened to the last moment of Irving's life.‡

Mr. Irving, though usually cheerful, was much influenced by "moods and tenses," especially in literary composition. When in his usual good health, and the spirit was on him, he wrote very rapidly; but at other times he could do nothing whatever with his pen. It was said, I believe, of Pope, that he would have fits of inspiration in the night, and would jump out of bed to scribble off a happy couplet, lest he should lose it before morning; and Irving would sometimes rise from bed and write for hours together, because he felt "in the mood," and then he would not touch his pen for weeks. I presume that his most rapidly written book was the one often pronounced his most spirited work, and a model as a biography, the "Life of Goldsmith." Sitting at my desk one day, he was looking at Forster's biography of Goldsmith, which we proposed to reprint. He remarked that this was one of his favorite themes, and he had half a mind to pursue it, and extend into a volume a sketch he had once made for an edition of Goldsmith's works. I tried to encourage the intention, and within sixty days the first sheets of Irving's Goldsmith were in the printer's hands. "The press" (as he wrote to his nephew) was "dogging at his heels," for in two or three weeks the volume was published—a unique example of expedition, as far as his writings were concerned.

In one of his visits to the city at this time, he asked, late in the day, if I could give him a bed at my house at Staten Island. I could. We had a *Crayonesque* evening, and the next morning we took him on a charming drive over the hills of Staten Island. He seemed to enjoy it, for he had not been on the island since he was stationed there in a military capacity during the war of 1812 as aid of Governor Tompkins. He gave us a humorous account of his equestrian performances and the Governor's while on this duty; but neither his valor nor the Governor's was tested by any actual contact with the enemy.

During a visit to London in 1851 I arranged with Mr. Murray, on the author's behalf, for an English edition of the new works, "Mahomet" and "Goldsmith," to be issued from the American stereotypes. I took also a request from Mr. Irving to his old friend Leslie, the artist, that he would make a *true* sketch of the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker. Mr. Irving insisted that the great historian of the Manhattoes was not the vulgar old fellow they would keep putting on the omnibuses and ice-carts, but that, though quaint and old-fashioned, he was still a gentleman. Leslie's sketches, however (he made two), did not hit the mark exactly; the author preferred Darley's.

One of my briefer visits to Sunnyside was with Mr. Allibone, the genial author of the "Dictionary of Authors," whose sketch of Irving's writings in that great work was so exhaustive as to make a volume of itself. The host of "the cottage" received us with his usual kindly hospitality, and he happened to be in his pleasantest conversational temperament. The talk was largely about Sir Walter Scott. "Glorious fellow," said he, his nature so fine, so frank, so hearty; his manner and appearance those of a rustic gentleman—not high polish, but manly; and full of anecdote. "The Antiquary" he had read for the hundredth time—character of Monkbarns alone enough to immortalize the author—contrast of Scott's genial humor with Cooper's *want* of it, etc., etc. Scott, in his turn, had a loving regard for Geoffrey Crayon, and his appreciation of the humor of "Knickerbocker" has been before referred to. The preface to the revised "Sketch-Book" shows how "that golden-hearted man" promptly took the young American by the hand with that practical encouragement which resulted in his European success. The anecdotes and reminiscences which Mr. Irving told us during these sunny visits would be pleasant reading, but there is no room here for them. I will recall merely this little bit:

The author of the "Pleasures of Hope" once told how he had been hospitably entertained by some good people under the supposition that he was the excellent missionary Campbell, just returned from South Africa; and the massive man of state, Daniel Webster, had repeated occasion, when in England, to disclaim honors meant for *Noah* Webster, the man of words. Mr. Irving told us with glee this little incident against himself, illustrating the uncertainties of personal fame. He was making a small purchase at a shop in London, soon after his second or third work had given currency to his name, and he gave his address as Mr. Irving, number so-and-so, for the parcel to be sent to his lodgings. The salesman's face brightened with satisfaction. "Is it possible," said he, "that I have the pleasure of serving Mr. Irving?" The question and the manner of it indicated profound respect and admiration. A modest and smiling acknowledgment was inevitable. Other remarks indicated still more deferential interest on the part of the man of tape; and then another question about Mr. Irving's latest work revealed the pleasant fact that he was taken to be the famous Edward Irving, of the Scotch Church, the preacher of divers tongues. The very existence of the "Sketch-Book" was probably unknown to his intelligent admirer. "All I could do," added Mr. Crayon, with that droll twinkle in his eye—"all I could do was to take my tail between my legs and slink away in the smallest possible compass."

The manner of life at "the cottage" is scarcely a fit topic for public remark—for a writer of books may claim the right of domestic privacy as well as ordinary mortals. Thackeray's genial reference to Mr. Irving, in the *Cornhill*, after his death, was calculated, innocently enough, no doubt, to give the impression that the subject of his sketch was an amiable and rather timid old gentleman, who kept "one old horse," stinted himself to "a single glass of wine," and lived generally in an economical fashion, for the sake of saving up his pennies for his eleven nieces! The simple fact was, that his elder brother Ebenezer, with his three daughters, composed the household, which was always managed in a style of simple, unostentatious elegance, fitting and appropriate for a cultivated *gentleman* of quiet tastes and habits. Perhaps this simplicity for an ex-embassador looked a little peculiar to a critic who was familiar with English notions of style in country life, surrounded by liveried flunkies. In the Sunnyside stables there were usually three or four horses and carriages, and every thing in the establishment was *suitable*, and in that good taste which a sensible person would expect to find there. As to the "single glass of wine" which Thackeray mentions, Mr. Irving, though not a professed "teetotaler," was always temperate on instinct both in eating and drinking; and in his last two years I believe he did not taste wine at all. In all financial matters his providence and preciseness might well be imitated by all literary men; but with exactness and punctuality he united a liberal disposition, and made sensible use of money to secure reasonable personal *comfort*, but not luxury and vain show. Knowing that he could leave behind him a suitable independence for his nearest friends, he had no occasion for any anxious care such as the novelist seemed to discover—or imagine.

The people of Yonkers, nine miles below Sunnyside, invited Thackeray to give there his lecture on "Charity and Humor." I lived there at the time (1854), and so I had the pleasure of joining our neighbor, Fred Cozzens, the essayist, in taking the famous satirist up to Sunnyside. In this call of an hour, by-the-way, the visitor had his only peep at the place which he described. The interview was characteristic and interesting. Mr. Irving was in good spirits, and was at once *en rapport* with his guest. He produced a pair of old spectacles which had belonged to Washington, and Major Pendennis tried them on with evident reverence. The hour was well filled with rapid, pleasant chat, but no searching analysis of the *principles* of wit and humor was elicited either from the Stout Gentleman or from Vanity Fair. Mr. Irving came down to Yonkers to dine with us at Mr. Sparrowgrass's, and to hear Thackeray's lecture in the evening. The lecturer was introduced by the worthy committee-man with such a *startling* eulogy that Mr. Irving was surprised into wakefulness for the whole evening, and sat there as the very embodiment of wit and humor, though the lecturer was too considerate to refer to him as an illustration of his subject.

Mr. Irving's Christianity was founded on charity, and in this Christian virtue he was sometimes severely tested. Nothing was more irksome to him than to endure calls of mere curiosity, or to answer letters of mere fulsome eulogy of himself, or asking for his "opinion" of the MS. or new book of the correspondent. Some letters of that kind he probably never did answer. Few had any idea of the fagging task they imposed on the victim. Yet it would be curious to know how many letters of suggestion and encouragement he actually did write in reply to appeals of young authors for his advice, his "recommendation," or his pecuniary aid. Always disposed to find merit even where any stray grains of the article lay buried in rubbish, he would amiably say the utmost that truth would permit in favor of struggling genius. Sometimes his readiness to aid meritorious young authors to profitable publicity was shamefully abused, as in the case of Maitland, an Englishman, who deliberately forged an absurdly distorted note of Mr. Irving's, besides other disreputable use of the signature which he had enticed from him in answer to urgent appeals. But these were among the needful penalties of influential fame.

Few authors, if any, ever enjoyed a career so conspicuous and prosperous as that of Irving without meeting the jealousy and ill-will of somebody. The exception in his case became proverbial. The most prominent of his American contemporaries in imaginative literature was Fenimore Cooper, whose genius had done so much to elevate the American name in Europe. Cooper had a right to claim respect and admiration from his countrymen for his brilliant creations, and his solid services to American literature; and he knew it. But, as we all know—for it was patent—when he returned from Europe, after sending his "Letter to his Countrymen," and gave us "Home as Found," his reception was much less marked with warmth and enthusiasm than Irving's was; and while he professed indifference to all such whims of popular regard, yet he evidently brooded a little over the relative amount of public attention extended to his brother author. At any rate, he persistently kept aloof from Mr. Irving for many years, and not unfrequently discoursed, in his rather authoritative manner, about the humbuggery of success in this country as exhibited in some shining instances of popular and official favor.

Mr. Irving more than once spoke to me in terms of strong admiration of the works and genius of Cooper, and regretted that the great novelist seemed to cherish some unpleasant feeling toward him. One day, some time after I had commenced a library edition of Cooper's best works, and while Irving's were in course of publication in companionship, Mr. Irving was sitting at my desk, with his back to the door, when Mr. Cooper came in (a little bustlingly, as usual) and stood at the office entrance, talking. Mr. Irving did not turn (for obvious reasons), and Cooper did not see him. Remembering his "Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt—Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp," I had acquired caution as to introductions without mutual consent; but with a brief thought of how matters stood (they had not met for several years), and a sort of instinct that reduced the real difference between the parties to the baseless fabric of misapprehension, I stoutly obeyed the impulse of the moment, and simply said, "Mr. Cooper, here is Mr. Irving." The latter turned, Cooper held out his hand cordially, dashed at once into an animated conversation, took a chair, and, to my surprise and delight, the two authors sat for an hour chatting in their best manner about almost every topic of the day, and some of former days. They parted with cordial good wishes, and Mr. Irving afterward frequently alluded to the incident as being a great gratification to him. He may have recalled it with new satisfaction when, not many months afterward, he sat on the platform at the "Cooper Commemoration," and joined in Bryant's tribute to the genius of the departed novelist.

Mr. Irving was never a systematic collector of books, and his little library at Sunnyside might have disappointed those who would expect to see there rich shelves of choice editions, and a full array of all the favorite authors, among whom such a writer would delight to revel. Some rather antiquated tomes in Spanish—indifferent sets of Calderon and Cervantes—and of some modern French and German authors; a presentation set of Cadell's "Waverley," as well as that more recent and elegant emanation from the classic press of Houghton; a moderate amount of home tools for the "Life of Washington (rarer materials were consulted in the town libraries and at Washington); and the remainder of his books were evidently a hap-hazard collection, many coming from the authors, with their respects, and thus sometimes costing the recipient their full (intrinsic) value in writing a letter of acknowledgment.

The little apartment had, nevertheless, become somewhat overcrowded, and a suggestion for a general renovation and pruning seemed to be gladly accepted; so I went up and passed the night there for that purpose. Mr. Irving, in his easy-chair in the sitting-room after dinner, was quite content to have me range at large in the library, and to let me discard all the "lumber" as I pleased; so I turned out some hundred volumes of *un*classical superfluity, and then called him in from his nap to approve or veto my proceedings. As he sat by, while I rapidly reported the candidates for exclusion, and he nodded assent, or as, here and there, he would interpose with "No, no; not *that*," and an anecdote or reminiscence would come in as a reason against the dismissal of the book in my hand, I could not help suggesting the scene in Don Quixote's library, when the priest and the barber entered upon their scrutiny of its contents. Mr. Irving seemed to be highly amused with this pruning process, and his running commentary on my "estimates of value" in weighing his literary collections was richly entertaining.

Observing that his library table was somewhat antiquated and inadequate, I persuaded him to let me make him a present of a new one, with the modern conveniences of drawers and snug corners for keeping his stray papers. When I sent him such a one, my stipulation for the return of the old one as a present to me was pleasantly granted. This relic was of no great intrinsic value; but as he had written on this table many of his later works, including "Mahomet," "Goldsmith," "Wolfert's Roost," and "Washington," I prize it, of course, as one of the most interesting mementos of Sunnyside.

As an illustration of habit, it may be added that some time after the new table had been installed I was sitting with him in the library, when he searched long and fruitlessly for some paper which had been "so *very* carefully stowed away in some *very* safe drawer" that it was not to be found, and the search ended in a sort of half-humorous, half-earnest denunciation of all "modern conveniences;" the simple old table, with its primitive facilities, was, after all, worth a dozen of these elegant contrivances for memory-saving and neatness.

One rather curious characteristic of Mr. Irving was excessive, unaffected modesty, and distrust of himself and of his own writings. Considering how many a *débutant* in letters, not yet out of his teens, is so demonstratively self-confident as to the prospective effect of his genius on an expecting and admiring world, it was always remarkable to hear a veteran, whose fame for half a century had been cosmopolitan, expressing the most timid doubts as to his latest compositions, and fearing they were unequal to their position, so unwilling, too, to occupy an inch of ground to which any other writer might properly lay claim. His surrender of "Mexico" to Mr. Prescott has been mentioned. His "Life of Washington," more than thirty years in progress, was repeatedly abandoned, as the successive works of Mr. Sparks, Mr. Paulding, and others appeared; and though he was subsequently induced to proceed with his long-considered plan of a more dramatic and picturesque narrative from a new point of view, yet he was more than once inclined to put his MS. into the fire, in the apprehension that the subject had been worn threadbare by the various compilations which were constantly coming out. When he ventured his first volume, the cordial and appreciative reception promptly accorded to it surprised as much as it cheered and pleased him; for though he despised hollow flattery, no young writer was more warmly sensitive than he to all discriminating, competent, and honest applause or criticism. When "Wolfert's Roost" was published (I had to entice the papers of that book from his drawers, for I doubt whether he would have collected them himself), I saw him affected actually to tears on reading some of the hearty and well-written personal tributes which that volume called forth. But though every work was received in this spirit by the press and the public, he was to the last apprehensive of failure, until a reliable verdict should again reassure him. The very last volume of his works (the fifth of "Washington") was thus timidly permitted to be launched; and I remember well his expression of relief and satisfaction when he said that Mr. Bancroft, Professor Felton, and Mr. Duyckinck had been the first to assure him the volume was all that it should be. His task on this volume had perhaps extended beyond the period of his robust health. It had *fagged* him; but he had been spared to write every line of it with his own hand, and my own copy is enriched by the autograph of his valedictory.

To refer, however briefly, to Mr. Irving's politics or religion, even if I had intimate knowledge of both—which assuredly I had not—would be, perhaps, to overstep decorous limits. It may, however, properly be mentioned that, in the face of all inherent probabilities as to his comfortable conservatism and his earnest instincts in favor of fraternal conciliation and *justice* (which was as marked a quality in him as in the great man whom he so faithfully portrayed), in spite of all the considerations urged by timid gentlemen of the old school in favor of Fillmore and the *status quo*, he voted in 1856, as he told me, for Fremont. In speaking of the candidates then in the field he said of Fremont that his comparative youth and inexperience in party politics were points in his favor; for he thought the condition of the country called for a man of nerve and energy—one in his prime and unfettered by party traditions and bargains for "the spoils." His characterization of a more experienced functionary,

* George Kennan, traveling recently in the Caucasian Mountains, was presented to a Circassian "princess," who told him she was studying English, and reading an American *history*. The author's name was hard to pronounce or remember; but Mr. Kennan finally elicited that the learned Knickerbocker had been accepted by the fair Asiatic as a veritable historian of classic authority in the annals of America!

† The poet still lives (1871), an inmate of the insane asylum in Pennsylvania, where he has been nearly twenty years.

‡ The intimation recorded so baldly in the journals of the ladies with whom Mr. Irving was intimate when at Dresden, in 1822, that Mr. Irving had ever proposed or intended marrying Miss Foster, is shown by the biographer to have been utterly groundless.